The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June, *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

It is interesting to learn that another stage in the large scheme which Mr. Herbert Spencer began eighteen years back with the publication of the 'Principles of Sociology' has now at last been completed. The *Contemporary Review* for May will contain the first of a series of articles entitled "Professional Institutions," which in their collected form will constitute Part VII. of the 'Principles of Sociology.' This, we understand, is regarded by the author as probably the last instalment of the great work. Mr. Spencer is now in his seventy-fifth year, and ill-health, we regret to hear, renders it extremely doubtful whether he will ever be able to write the final section, "Industrial Institutions."

The Life of Principal Cairns, which has been written by Dr. A. R. MacEwan, of Glasgow, and will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a few days, is a very large book, extending to over seven hundred pages. Principal Cairns' letters are very fully given, and there are complete accounts of the various ecclesiastical and philosophical controversies in which he was concerned, notably his encounter with Professor Ferrier and F. W. Newman. Among the most interesting parts of the book is the report of an interview with Wordsworth.

One of the prettiest children's books of the Christmas season will be Mr. S. R. Crockett's 'Sweetheart Travellers,' which is to be published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.' Special pains are being taken with the get up of the book.

The following somewhat characteristic letter was sold in Messrs. Sotheby's rooms on the 10th of April:—

Box Hill, Dorking,
January 16th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I must thank you for the compliment implied in your letter to me. But it must be a predisposition of yours in my favour that ranks me among celebrities, for I am not one; and, let me add, I entertain a dread of the honour befalling same. They, however, have the consciousness of worth, which enables them to support their head. In my case there would not be such sustainment. Believe me that I do appreciate your kind intentions.—And I am, very truly yours,

George Meredith.

T. H. Lewis, Esq.

Messrs. Blackwood have done well in committing the correspondence of their house to the care of Mrs. Oliphant, who will prepare, we have no doubt, a worthy history of the firm, which for so long a period has been the chief literary glory of Scotland. *Blackwood's Magazine*, after a career of unexampled splendour, still survives in undiminished vigour. No serious modification has been made upon its plan, save that the names of contributors are now much more freely given. We may perhaps distinguish certain periods in its history, the first of which came to an end when Christopher North was compelled to close his active connection with the magazine. There followed what may be called the period of Aytoun and John Blackwood. They had the help of such men as Lord Lytton and Samuel Warren, who had enlisted under their predecessors. Warren paid an obituary tribute to Christopher North, and Lytton became a mainstay of the magazine, and a most intimate friend of John Blackwood's.

It was in *Blackwood* that 'The Parisians' appeared anonymously, and it was to the publisher that one of the author's last letters was directed. But the great discovery made by John Blackwood was that of George Eliot, whose 'Scenes of Clerical Life' shine with peculiar brilliancy when read in an old volume of the magazine, not that the accompanying contributions are unworthy, but because of the novelty and freshness of the style. Aytoun's chief achievement was the demolition of the Spasmodic school. His tragedy 'Firmilian' was one of the most effective criticisms ever written, and one can only regret that so good a swordsman did not turn his weapon on more objectionable writers. Even at the time of George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant was working on the magazine, among her early stories being the pretty, but we fear now forgotten, 'Zaidee.' She speedily became one of the most useful and steadfast pillars any magazine has ever had, contributing not only fiction, but also biography and criticism of most excellent quality.

Among the other contributors of literary articles were William Smith, the accomplished author of 'Thorndale.' He was for long associated with *Blackwood*, and did much good work of a critical and philosophical kind. Nor must we forget John Burton and John Skelton, the latter of whom happily still survives in full vigour. Another contributor who was acceptable for many years was Charles Lever, who wrote 'The Cornelius O'Dowd Papers.' Among the brightest and breeziest of John Blackwood's new men was L. W. M. Lockhart, the author of 'Doubles and Quits,' 'Fair to See,' and other books. Lockhart's first contribution was declined by John Blackwood for a very singular reason. The editor, after receiving the paper, happened to meet a relative of Lockhart in the street, and spoke to him about the article, whereupon the relative looked such unutterable things that the editor, in a moment of aberration, went home and sent the article back. Lockhart found out the

truth, and a friendship began of the closest kind which was maintained to the end.

But perhaps the greatest writer brought forward by *Blackwood* in recent years was E. Gerard, whose Polish novels are so well known. We do not remember that Miss Ingham, the very clever writer of 'My Trivial Life and Misfortunes,' ever contributed to *Maga*. *Blackwood* has always made a special feature of contributions by men of affairs who are also men of letters. The Scotch judges, like Lord Neaves, have helped, and what may be called the Military-Literary School, represented by E. B. Hamley, George Chesney, and others, was founded by *Blackwood*. These particulars hastily put down will show that a treat awaits us. No volumes of the next season are more eagerly anticipated than these.

Monsieur Alphonse Daudet leaves for England on May 6th. He will be accompanied by his family and one or two well-known writers. He has had to decline various offers of hospitality which have been made to him, the state of his health being decidedly unsatisfactory.

Léon Daudet is bringing out a new novel, entitled 'Kamtchatka.' This book will appear in June. It is a fighting book, and he says himself of it, "In this book I ridicule snobs of every description, literary, political and artistic, anarchists in evening dress, the précieux ridicules of the small reviews, the "symbolards" and all the rest of them. Léon Daudet seems to love fighting. His uncle, Ernest Daudet, who is one of the most indefatigable workers in France, has two books in preparation. One is entitled 'La Police et les Chouans, sous le Consulat et l'Empire,' a historical work which ought to be very interesting. This will be published by Messrs. Plon and Nourrit, towards the end of June. In the meanwhile Ollendorff will publish M. Ernest Daudet's new novel, 'Un Amour de Barras,' which, as the title implies, deals with the French Revolution.

It is with much pleasure that the many admirers of Monsieur Mirbeau have heard that it his intention to publish, at an early date, those "Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre;" or, to give the book its real title, his 'Journal d'une Femme de Chambre,' which appeared serially some time ago in one of the boulevard papers. This is an extremely clever study of life, in a certain phase, and the analysis of the woman's character is a most powerful piece of work. Monsieur Octave Mirbeau is, in the opinion of many, the foremost writer in France, and one looks to him for great things in the future.

Everybody connected with literature in France deplored the death, at the early age of fifty-two, of Monsieur Plon, the publisher, of the well-known firm of Plon, Nourrit et Cie., in the Rue Garancière. M. Plon was one of the most courteous of men, and could refuse a manuscript in such a manner that the would-be author would go away absolutely delighted with the result of his visit. Monsieur Plon was a man of very extraordinary appearance, for though perfectly bald, he always refused to wear a wig, and was clean-shaven withal. He pinned his faith as a publisher to historical works and memoirs rather than to novels, and made a very great success in this branch of publishing. All the best historical works published during recent years in France were issued from the Rue Garancière, and especially complete is the catalogue of Messrs. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. in works dealing with the French Revolution.

The Napoleon craze seems to flourish. More and more books on the subject and on the period are appearing. One has not space to mention them. And more are promised for the coming month. A volume which should be of some interest is the promised collection of the letters of Baron de Menéval, who was private secretary to Napoleon for eleven years, and whose Memoirs, dealing with the memory of his master in a tone of the most servile adulation, were published in London about a year ago. Menéval must have possessed some very interesting letters from the Emperor, and these will probably be included in the forthcoming collection. If the letters are in any way as amusing and interesting as the Memoirs, the book should have a very good reception from the reading public.

Madame Sarah Grand is in Paris, and proposes to remain there for some weeks. She is studying life in certain phases there, but for the nonce has laid her pen aside. It is difficult to get Madame Grand to speak about literature in general, or about her literary plans and ambitions in particular, for she declares that she hates to talk "shop."

The number of would-be authors is a very large one in France. The editor of a weekly paper in Paris which publishes short stories, recently declared that he had in stock over seven thousand manuscripts to be read, and that that number was increasing daily. A few days ago a man was arrested on the complaint of a great number of literary aspirants. He had founded a paper called the *Phare Littéraire*, and undertook to publish original contributions on receipt of payment of so much a column. The grievance of the people who laid the information against him, was that he took the so-much a column and never published the work. Indeed, the *Phare* only appeared on rare occasions. He confessed to the police-officers that he had made over two thousand pounds at this game in a few months.

Professor Prothero, of Edinburgh, is seeing through the press the last work of the late Sir John Seeley—a History of British Policy from the reign of Elizabeth to the year 1688.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has just started for a somewhat extended tour on the Continent. At present he is in Siena, where he is likely to stay for some little time. He is busy writing 'The Progress of Cleg Kelly,' which Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. have recently announced will shortly be published serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

'Shelley's Letters to Leigh Hunt,' in two volumes, is the latest addition to Mr. T. J. Wise's 'Ashley Library' series of privately printed books. These volumes contain every extant letter from Shelley to Leigh Hunt, whether published previously or not. It is well known that Hunt "sub-edited" such of the letters as were published by himself in his 'Autobiography' and other works; in some instances he considerably garbled them, and it is therefore of considerable importance that they should be reprinted from the original

manuscripts, as has now been done. The new letters, here printed for the first time, are chiefly valuable for the fresh light they throw upon the relationship which existed between Byron and Shelley during the closing years of the latter's life.

The following extracts from letters written in the Spring of 1822 will suffice as an example:—

"Meanwhile, let my last letters, as far as they regard Lord Byron, be as if they had not been written. Particular circumstances, or rather, I should say, particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself, intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend, I will confess and confide to you. No feelings of my own shall injure or interfere with what is now nearest to them—your interest, and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus in whom such strange extremes are reconciled, until we meet—which we now must, at all events, soon do. . . . .

"I said what I thought with regard to Lord Byron, nor would I have breathed a syllable of my feelings in any ear but yours; but with you, I would, and I may think aloud. Perhaps time has corrected me, and I am become, like those whom I formerly condemned, misanthropical and suspicious. If so, do you cure me; nor should I wonder, for if friendship is the medicine of such diseases I may well say that mine have been long neglected—and how deep the wounds have been, you partly know, and partly can conjecture. Certain it is that Lord Byron has made me bitterly feel the inferiority which the world has presumed to place between us, and which subsists nowhere in reality but in our own talents, which are not our own but Nature's—or in our rank, which is not our own but Fortune's."

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, whose 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan' many of our readers will remember, has just completed a new volume entitled 'Out of the East.' Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., the publishers of the former book, will also issue the new one.

Miss Montrésor's successful novel, 'Into the Highways and Hedges,' was originally begun some seven or eight years ago. In its first rough copy it must have rivalled 'Sir Charles Grandison' in length, and have numbered about six volumes! It was rewritten entirely (for the last time) between March and October of 1894, and several characters were cut out of it. The walk that Margaret Deane takes across the Downs was familiar to the author in her childhood, which was spent in Kent, though Miss Montrésor has lived in London the greater part of her life.

The author's father was an Admiral, but came of a very long line of soldiers. His father, Sir Thomas Montrésor, was distinguished for active service, and his son was killed while defending the guns of the Naval Brigade at Tamai. The author's sister had a book published in 1888, under the title of 'More Sail than Ballast.' The publishers have a fourth edition of the book in the press.

Mr. Keighley Snowden, author of 'Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds,' is hard at work on a novel, which will be called 'The Web of an Old Weaver.' It is a story of love and adventure in the years 1832—43, years of bitter hardship and desperate doings among the West Yorkshire weaver folk. Weasel, who appears once or twice in the short tales, is one of the principal actors. The story purports to be the work of a plain Yorkshireman with just enough schooling to give literary form to his native speech and not enough to spoil it by conscious attempts at literature.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) is, we hear, at present making a short stay in Naples on her way home.

Mr. Guy Boothby's Dr. Nikola, one of the characters in his new story, 'A Bid for Fortune,' now running in the *Windsor Magazine*, seems likely at no distant date to rival the famous Sherlock Holmes. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have arranged with Mr. Boothby to continue the narrative of the adventures of the mysterious Doctor after the serial run of 'A Bid for Fortune' is concluded.

Apropos of the appreciative article in the new *Edinburgh Review* on Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Tennyson' (Isbister and Co., Ld.), it may be mentioned that the book, which was issued in April last, is now in its fifth thousand. Mr. Brooke, who has been wintering abroad after his severe illness, is staying at present at Spezzia, whence he will move on to the south of Italy.

We hear that there will be the usual influx of American publishers this month. Amongst those who will be over almost immediately we may mention Mr. Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., Mr. William Appleton, of Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., and Mr. George Haven Putnam, of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. American publishers are, however, not the only ones who now cross the water. Mr. John Lane is at present in New York, as is also Mr. Charles Longman, and we understand that Mr. Stedman, of Messrs. Methuen and Co., is shortly to sail.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is at present recruiting at Brighton, after the serious illness which he had when staying lately in Rome. He is, we are glad to say, now quite well enough to be busy at work on a revision of Messrs. A. and C. Black's 'Guide to Brighton.'

So successful have Mr. Arthur Morrison's 'Chronicles of Martin Hewitt' been in the *Windsor Magazine* that he has, at the request of the publishers, consented to write another series.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson is taking a holiday in Italy. He has undertaken to write one of the serials of the *Sunday Magazine* next year. The other will be from the pen of Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. H. Buxton Forman has reprinted for private circulation the memoir of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood which he contributed to *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, the Post Office Magazine. The book is printed upon Whatman's hand-made paper, and bound in white vellum, a portrait of Sir Arthur Blackwood appearing as frontispiece. The edition is limited to fifty copies.

Two volumes, each of considerable interest, have recently been issued by two of the Trans-Atlantic book clubs. The first, printed by the Rowfant Club at Cleveland, is a reprint of the first edition of Landor's 'Letter to Emerson,' together with Emerson's article on Landor, which appeared in 'The Dial' for October, 1841. An introduction is provided by Mr. Samuel Arthur Jones, who prints the whole of the passages in Emerson's 'English Traits' (describing his visit to Landor at Fiesole in 1833), which aroused the latter's indignation, and prompted him to indite his open letter.

The second, put forth by the Boston 'Club of Odd

Volumes,' is a *fac-simile* reprint of 'New England's Crisis,' by Benjamin Tompson, one of the earliest examples of American poetry now extant. The original is of the extremest rarity, only a single example being known to bibliographers. Even this solitary specimen (which is preserved in the library of the Boston Athenæum) lacks the title-page. The book is supposed to have been published during the summer of 1676.

Mr. Walter Besant's new novel will be published in the first instance serially in *Chambers' Journal*.

The second number of *Chapman's Magazine* will, we hear, contain a short story from the pen of Mr. S. R. Crockett.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

March 25 to April 20, 1895.

As may readily be imagined, trade during the last four weeks has not been particularly brisk. Lent is always a quiet time, and the return of cold weather seemed to check business generally. Of course the present month cannot be compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, owing to the date upon which Easter fell. There has been a fair sale for tourist guide-books, although the season has hardly yet commenced. The competition among publishers, in this special department, is very keen, the different series being, almost without exception, revised annually. Works dealing more especially with outdoor pursuits have not begun to move very freely. However, with the advent of spring weather, this will probably be remedied in a great measure. The interest evinced in everything Chinese and Japanese is reflected in the continued demand for Norman's 'Peoples and Politics of the Far East,' Douglas' 'Society in China,' and works of a similar nature, Among magazines there is not much change. Considerable interest centres in the announcement of *Chapman's Magazine*. It is hoped that it will find a public of its own, and thus prove a real help to the bookseller.

The vitality of sporting works is little short of marvellous. A new edition of "Druid's" well-known writings, with his life by Hon. F. Lawley, is a great favourite at the time of writing.

Annotated editions of the 'New Code of Regulations' are now appearing. These publications sell now in considerable quantities, and form, for the time being, an important line in orders from scholastic booksellers.

The albums of views, which have been alluded to in previous reports, are still in favour, but the prevailing opinion in the trade is that there are too many competitors in the field to ensure a large degree of success for any one of them.

There appears to be increasing interest shown in foreign missionary work. The story of the London Missionary Society by C. Silvester Horne is one, among a number of similar works, that has been purchased very freely by a certain section of buyers.

Appended is a list of the principal books in demand for the time being. Six shillings seems to be the fixed price for the popular novel. A few have appeared at 3s. 6d., but owing, probably, to the competition which exists among publishers for the works of an author enjoying the smile of the public, it is impossible to bring them out at the lower figure :—

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
Barabbas. By M. Corelli. 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
As Others Saw Him. A Retrospect. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
"Druid" Sporting Library. 5 vols. 5s. each.
Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Subject to Vanity. By M. Benson. 3s. 6d.
Shadow of Ashlydyat (The). By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s.
Atonement (The). By R. W. Dale. 4s. nett.
Unknown Life of Christ (The). By N. Notovitch. 5s.
Foundations of Belief (The). By A. J. Balfour. 12s. 6d.
Peoples and Politics of the Far East. 21s.
Society in China. By R. K. Douglas. 6s.
W. E. Gladstone. By H. W. Lucy. 1s.
Story of the L.M.S. (The). By C. S. Horne. 2s. 6d.
History of Egypt. By W. M. F. Petrie. Vol. I. 6s.
Voice, Speech, and Gesture. By H. Campbell and others. 7s. 6d.
New Acts of the Apostles. By A. T. Pierson. 6s.
Decline and Fall of Napoleon. By Viscount Wolseley. 3s. 6d.

Weekly Statement of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
March 30, 1895.—A little improvement on the preceding week. Colonial and foreign trade also reviving.
April 6, „ —Home trade opened well, but rapidly declined towards the close. Foreign and colonial steady.
„ 13, „ —Being a holiday week, business was to a certain extent disorganised.
„ 20, „ —Ditto, but the holiday over, home trade became a little better. Foreign and colonial both slightly improved.

POETRY.

TO SOME I HAVE TALKED WITH BY THE FIRE.

(*The Dedication of a New Book of Verse.*)

I dedicate these fitful Danaan rhymes
To those with whom I have talked many times,
While the night grew, above the fading coals,
Of that dark folk who gather in the souls
Of passionate men, like bats in the dead trees;
And of the wandering twilight companies
Who sigh with mingled sorrow and content,
Because their blossoming dreams have never bent
Under the fruit of evil and of good;
And of the proud embattled multitude
Who rise, wing above wing, flame above flame,
And like a storm cry the Ineffable Name,
And with the clanging of their sword-blades make
Continual music till the morning break,
And the white hush end all things but the beat
Of their long wings, the flash of their swift feet.

W. B. Yeats.

THE READER.

MARION CRAWFORD: AN ESTIMATE.

IN attempting an estimate of Mr. Crawford's position in fiction, it is interesting to note that the biographical details given in our last number bear with more than the usual significance on the career of the novelist. He had reached the comparatively mature age of twenty-eight when he wrote his first story, and during the twelve years which have since elapsed he has produced four-and-twenty works of fiction. Having regard to the splendid quality of the craftsmanship, the output is extraordinary; in any case the industry is almost phenomenal; but in what exceptionally auspicious conditions, with what a serviceable equipment of observation and incident the novelist entered on his vocation! Italy, England and Germany, America and India were familiar to him; the most picturesque landscapes in the world, and men and women of all classes and of many nationalities, had photographed themselves on his memory. Personally he had acquired a wide range of culture, and he had passed through those spiritual experiences which transcend culture, and which seem to anticipate all the after-sensations of life save those of death and bereavement. Hardly otherwise could one account for the prolific pen, the literary *cachet*, the clear and wholesome atmosphere, the variety of incident and character, the colour of life and landscape, the interest of narrative which place him in the forefront, if not absolutely in advance, of our living novelists.

To Mr. Crawford the novel is what the primrose was to Peter Bell. He has nothing to teach and nothing to preach. He is frankly a story-teller whose first and foremost concern is his story; and from 'Mr. Isaacs,' the work of his prentice hand, to the enthralling pages of 'Casa Braccio,' there is not an instance, so far as my memory serves me, in which one's interest and sympathy are not carried away by the engrossing swing of the narrative. The plot is habitually strong, probable in its incidents, complicated with considerable freshness of resource, and disentangled with a mastery in which occasionally skill alone is not the most admirable quality. At the close of 'Don Orsino,' for example, where the explanation of the tragedy of old Spicca's life appears to lead to a very *impasse* of folly and shame, the novelist has a solution so simple and so unimpeachable that one almost blushes at one's own uneasy anticipations. Indeed, one of the most characteristic and engaging notes in all Mr. Crawford's work is this clean-mindedness, this virile healthiness of temperament. He does not shrink from the delineation of the aberrations of human passion, but he treats them with the large insight and sanity of proportion which seem to be growing rare among so many of our novelists; and if he cannot discover some compensating core of goodness in things evil he makes it plain at least on which side his judgment walks. He has, indeed, an old-fashioned way—by no means unpleasing—of playing "chorus" when there seems to be any possibility of his reader being led astray by false heroism or the glamour of passion. Here is a chance instance from 'To Leeward':

> "The one virtue which never deserted him was his courage. He would let his adversary have a shot at him if he liked, but he himself would fire in the air, of course. How could he be base enough to kill a man he had injured? But he was base enough to wantonly destroy the happiness of that man, all the same."

Conscientious, but "is it art?" one may be asked. Possibly not, though the Greeks appear to have approved. In any case it is one of the peculiarities of a writer who reveres woman; who, while he never obtrudes, invariably assumes the ethics of Christianity as the basis of conduct; and who never leaves it doubtful how he regards the errors and weaknesses of his *dramatis personæ*.

One cannot but be struck, too, with the solid and even elaborate backgrounds against which he "stages" his story. In this respect there is nothing finer than the three epochs in the modern history of Rome so graphically depicted in what may for convenience be termed the "Saracinesca" trilogy. But indeed this excellence is uniform. Take up 'Paul Patoff,' and you are in Constantinople; or 'Dr. Claudius,' and Heidelberg rises on your imagination; there is always the background of a great artist. To give a notion of the range of his characters would be a well-nigh interminable task. It may be noted in passing, however, that his favourite "hero" appears to be a large-limbed, large-minded man, physically strong and physically courageous, abundantly faulty but capable of exceptional generosities, and always actuated by honour, if it be merely the conventional "honour" of society. His favourite "heroine" is a beautiful woman (of the tall, dark, princess type) with an immense capacity of loving, which implies immense possibilities of self-effacement and an illimitable faculty of belief and trust. Manliness and queenliness, honour and passionate love—elemental and primitive material doubtless, but has modern fiction, with its pathological rakings among the neurotic and abnormal, discovered anything better? For my own part I look in vain, I confess, among the novels of to-day for any figures to be compared with Corona or Laura Carlyon, San Giacinto the ex-innkeeper prince, or the melancholy Spicca.

Passing lightly over structural delinquencies (such as the exciting but quite purposeless Chapter XX. in 'Dr. Claudius'), theatricalities (such as the suggestion of the Wandering Jew in 'A Roman Singer'), lapses from the height of the argument (for instance, the sample of "honeymoon Ollendorff" in 'To Leeward'), Mr. Crawford's most marked faults appear to me to be the defects of his qualities. As he observes in a chapter of 'The Ralstons,' which is supposed to contain a portrait of himself, "he has acquired an unusual mechanical faculty in the handling of language"; and it is doubtless that masterful fluency to which we owe in nearly every book from ten to twenty pages over which the reader furtively skims while the narrator nods. I doubt whether Mr. Crawford would lay claim to be in any way a stylist. His are certainly not the epithets, "*osées, téméraires, et personelles*" of our artists in vocabulary; they are but the epithets "*de tout le monde*," good, and sometimes excellently good, but in the case of a man who may write at the rate of five thousand words a day that must be as the wind listeth. In a word the style is that of a swift, prolific, cultured mind of rare individuality, and it is so pleasant that, save as a critic, one is not concerned to think of style at all. There are slips and blemishes, but again how plentiful are the flashes of the happy moment. Consider the following phrases taken at haphazard:

> "Vanity is to pride what nervousness is to nerve."
>
> "Perhaps there is no clearer proof of the existence of a divine

soul in man than his intuitive reluctance to do what in the lower animals would be most natural."

"The fancy is a great store-house, filled with all the beautiful things that we do not find in our lives."

"If we would but risk all, to win or lose all, we could almost always do the deed which looks so grimly impossible."

"A man kisses a letter received from the woman he loves, but a woman rarely does. She thinks when he is away that she would hardly kiss *him;* but when he himself comes the colour of things is changed."

That Mr. Crawford should regard his "Saracinesca" series as not very successful can only be taken as another instance of an author's inability to form a just estimate of his own work. For breadth of canvas, for colossal portraiture, for dignity of treatment, brilliancy of colour and intensity of dramatic interest there seems to me to be in the literature of to-day nothing comparable with this vivid chronicle of the fortunes of a princely Italian house. Opening with something of the grandiose picturesqueness of mediæval power, and passing through strange and tragic changes to the pettiness and decadence of New Rome, the three-fold story is a masterpiece to be ranged with the large fiction of the century. This series, however, stands apart. When one seeks among the other novels for the pre-eminently notable book, the choice is almost impossible till one discards the usual standard, and then one selects 'A Cigarette Maker's Romance,' on the ground of its unique tenderness and pathetic beauty. Mr. Crawford has essayed several studies in mental aberration, but this is the most subtle and engrossing; he has told many stories of woman's love, but none more delicate and winning; and, so far as I know, he has nowhere written descriptive passages that fasten so keenly on the imagination as two which occur in these pages. The first recounts the reverie of the wild Don Cossack watching, beneath the stars, on the tobacconist's doorstep; the other pictures the rush of the reindeer over a hundred miles in their irrepressible longing for the sea. First a young deer in the Lapland village raises his broad muzzle to the north wind, and stares at the limitless distance while a man may count a hundred. The next day a dozen look up, snuffing the breeze; then the whole herd stands at gaze, breathing hard through wide nostrils, and the Laps prepare for what is coming. At last in the northern twilight the great herd begins to move; slowly at first, cropping the moss as they go; then the step becomes a trot, the trot a gallop, the gallop a breakneck race to the sea. The Laps follow their trail, which grows narrower as they proceed; there are stains of blood; the plain is spotted in a direct line with dark objects where the weaker deer have been flung down and trampled to death. When the Laplanders reach the shore their deer are once more grazing quietly, once more tame and docile. "Once in his life the reindeer must taste of the sea in one long, satisfying draught, and if he is hindered he perishes. Neither man nor beast dare stand between him and the ocean in the hundred miles of his arrow-like path." And in this mad rush of longing

"As the heart of the beast is so is the heart of a man."

WILLIAM CANTON.

M. DAUDET'S LAST BOOK.*

NO living writer of fiction deserves the title of artist better than M. Alphonse Daudet. His style in itself is a never-ending delight to all who put the proper value upon words. It has nothing whatever of the "curiosity" of our own Robert Louis Stevenson's. On the contrary, the chosen word is never far-fetched, the structure of the sentence is never elaborate. But the author has that rare power of making what would be outworn in another's hand seem as though it were used for the first time. And this is surely the finer originality in style. Next, M. Daudet has no rival in the art of putting a scene before the reader's eye. And he can create a human atmosphere as cunningly. His art is impersonal, and having painted his scene and brought his puppets on the stage, he will let them play their drama out as if from some impulse from within, without comment of praise, pity, or indignation, and with proportionate gain in effect. Lastly, in this age so painfully characterised by the "triste amour du laid," he retains that last symptom of the spirit's health—the preference for beauty. In the modern life of cities, beauty—material beauty, of course—is found, alas! only in the haunts of the rich. And hence, no doubt, M. Daudet's preference for what he himself would call "le high life," with its luxury, refinement, distinction—all of which he has painted with a touch so inimitable that it seems safe to prophesy that in centuries to come those desirous to see what the pomp and pride of life were like in the Paris of to-day will turn to the pages of 'Le Nabab,' 'Les Rois en Exil,' 'Numa Roumestan,' and 'L'Immortel.' Against these splendid artistic merits, however, there must be set off two defects so gross and vulgar that one marvels to find them in combination with so much distinction. These defects are an occasional cynical shamelessness, shocking even to the hardened reader of French fiction, and a preference for the catch-penny attractions of the *roman à clef.* For the acknowledged portrait of the Duc de Morny and the reputed portrait of Gambetta, though they probably added to the vogue, could certainly add nothing to the value of 'Le Nabab' and 'Numa Roumestan.'

In his latest novel M. Daudet tries something of an experiment. Hitherto he has written novels of character, appending labels to show what phase of contemporary social life they are intended to illustrate. 'La Petite Paroisse' bears the label "Mœurs Conjugales," and accordingly the earlier part of it is devoted to an analysis of the relations of Richard Fénigan with his wife. But in the chapter entitled "La Double Méprise" there occurs—with the abruptness of a "fault" in geology—a change to the method associated with the name of Gaboriau—the method, that is, which deliberately subordinates the development of character to the development of sensational incident. This experiment cannot be pronounced a success; and, indeed, the book cannot be classed even with such minor masterpieces of the author as, for instance, its immediate predecessor 'Rose et Ninette.' For, besides the inartistic outbreak of sensationalism just commented on, it shows the same signs of effort and fatigue as were noticeable in the later chapters of 'L'Evangéliste,' with its radically uncongenial theme. On the other hand, there is enough of masterly and original character-drawing to have made the name of any other author. The heroine, Lydie, with her inherited gipsy instincts—erring indeed, yet despising baseness—is no unworthy addition to M. Daudet's gallery of

* 'La Petite Paroisse.' Par Alphonse Daudet. (Paris: Lemerre.)

female portraits. Fénigan—virile and even impassioned, yet failing to command the respect or affection of his wife simply because he is too easily good-natured to assert himself, and has the strength taken out of him by his mother—is an original, life-like, and consistent character enough. The mother herself, whose ruling passion—devotion to her son's interest—leads her to so unexpected a *volte-face* at the crisis of the tale, is also good; whilst among minor personalities M. Alexandre, the Mephistophelean gentleman's gentleman, impenetrable in his duplicity, and irresistible among the village girls, must on no account be omitted. From M. Daudet, however, one looks for something more than all this, and even in the present instance one does not look in vain, for he has given us in 'La Petite Paroisse' one character which may compare with any that he has drawn. And to literary students that character is none the less interesting because it is M. Daudet's version of one of the stock characters of literature — a character which has already been treated by Byron and by Molière, and which made what was perhaps its first distinctive appearance upon any scene in the old Spanish play of 'El Burlador de Sevilla.' In his latest incarnation the main features of the type are closely preserved. "Charlexis" has retained the grace and the philosophising spirit of his forerunners, and, like them, he knows not of faith, fear, love, ambition, or remorse. But it is noteworthy that the *fin de siècle* Don Juan is the youngest of the series; for that exquisite correspondence of his is written when he is but eighteen years of age, and the festivities held in honour of his nineteenth birthday are unconsciously carried on after his restless spirit has at last found rest and his enquiring mind has solved the supreme mystery. Against the atrocious outrage perpetrated upon his body after death, we must enter a word of protest on artistic grounds. Whilst painfully shocking the reader, it adds nothing to the strength of the situation. The character of the old keeper who does the deed challenges comparison with a similar creation in Lemaître's recent play of 'Les Rois,' but the comparison is wholly to the advantage of the latter. To sum up, then, in all that regards power of poetic inspiration, the history of that Petite Paroisse (to which literal shepherds gave a grosser name) is a one-character novel, and the one character is that of Charles Alexis Dauvergne, Prince of Olmütz.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Photographed by ALPHONSE DAUDET. [*Nadar.*

A TALK WITH MR. S. S. McCLURE.

MR. S. S. McCLURE, well known as the editor of *McClure's Magazine*, and head of the American Newspaper Syndicate, lately spent a short time in London, and kindly gave an interview for THE BOOKMAN.

In answer to a question about the success of his own magazine, Mr. McClure said, "My magazine, which is barely eighteen months old, has a steady circulation of 80,000. It appears about the 28th of each month, and by the fifth of February I learned that the current number was out of print. Encouraging as this success has been, I fully realise that great efforts on my part will be necessary if the magazine is to maintain and improve its position. You can't deceive people as to the interest of your matter, or make them imagine that a dull story is a good one."

"Is it on fiction, then, that American magazines chiefly depend for success?"

"We depend to some extent on fiction, but even more on an important series of articles on a subject outside fiction. The articles we are giving on Napoleon, for instance, have within a short time doubled our circulation. The *Century Magazine* owed its sale of a quarter of a million to its magnificent series of war papers. The letters of Thackeray gave an enormous impetus to *Scribner's*."

"Have you taken many ideas from our English magazines?"

"From English magazines we have borrowed the illustrated interview in its best form, and the personal sketches of eminent persons. English magazines have always illustrated stories much more lavishly than we have been accus-

tomed to do in America. Our extra midsummer and Christmas numbers had fully illustrated stories, but in our ordinary numbers the strength of the art department was spent on portraits and on illustrations for general articles. Now, however, we are gradually adopting the English method. I may claim the credit of devising a magazine which, while retaining all the best features of those already in the field, sells at half their price. The success of the *Review of Reviews* showed me that you may reprint matter, if you know how to do so skilfully. The success of the *Strand* and the *Idler* proved that good results may be obtained without the great expenditure incurred by such magazines as *Harper's* and the *Century*. I invented a cheaper paper, which is quite satisfactory for my purpose, and costs about half the price of that hitherto used for the best American magazines. I could sell *McClure's* for 100,000 dollars to-morrow, and I spent in establishing it about a tenth of that sum. We reprinted many articles and stories which had already appeared in newspapers, and in this way saved expense. Naturally we took the utmost pains to choose only the most interesting copy, and to select it from sources not available to the majority of our constituents."

"How do you propose to develop the magazine?"

"When the Napoleon series is finished, I shall be ready with a set of articles on Lincoln, with splendid accompanying illustrations. I also shall publish a very complete series of the portraits of Gladstone."

"Do you prepare these articles yourself?"

"I initiate the scheme, and at a certain stage hand it over to my assistants. At present I am gathering together a fine collection of Bismarck portraits, and I have this morning received a telegram from Count Herbert Bismarck, asking me to meet him at Schönhausen. From him I expect to learn where the best Bismarck portraits are to be found, and I shall also be able to reconnoitre the ground with a view to future research by others."

"There is one important difference between our magazines and yours," Mr. McClure continued. "The six or seven great magazines of America, which reach an aggregate sale of 2,000,000 copies a month, do for the American people what Mudie's does for you. They take the place of books and bring the best literature of the day to the homes of the people. Our magazine system covers the length and breadth of the States. Neighbours lend to each other, and in this way the number of readers may far exceed the number of subscribers. Nearly all the literature of America appears first in magazine form. Our people prefer magazines to books. For one thing, they cost less. Such a magazine as the *Century*, which sells at 35 cents, would be impossible in England. Under your advertising system, it could not be sold for less than a dollar. In advertisements alone it actually brings in £60,000 a year, and the proprietors can thus afford to sell it at a low price. Every successful American magazine has an enormous revenue from advertisements, and this revenue directly benefits its readers. Why should they purchase expensive books when they can have the best literature cheaply served up in the magazines?"

"What is your opinion on the question of serials *versus* short stories?"

"No American editor can make up his mind whether serials pay or not. All the best magazines continue to publish serials, which they purchase very largely from English writers."

"Which of our writers sell best in America?"

"Stevenson stands first and in a class by himself," replied Mr. McClure. "He has always led our market, and still leads it. I consider myself fortunate to have secured his forthcoming novel. After him, the following writers sell equally well—Kipling, Doyle, Weyman, and Barrie. Next come Anthony Hope, S. R. Crockett, and Robert Barr. This second list of names is second simply in point of time. It would be impossible for me to determine the absolute rank of an author. Mr. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York *Sun*, considers Robert Barr's short stories quite the best he publishes. Another writer who will soon find his way into this list is Ian Maclaren."

"I have purchased much of the unpublished work of these writers, including a novel by Robert Barr, and a series of short stories by Anthony Hope. In my judgment it will not be long before Anthony Hope approaches close to the very top. His name will soon be in every one's mouth, as Haggard's was when he wrote 'She,' Stevenson's when he wrote 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' or Barrie's at the appearance of the 'Little Minister.' While the writers I have mentioned are the best for selling purposes, the general opinion in America is that among living English authors George Meredith is the greatest, and Thomas Hardy the greatest novelist. Mr. Haggard's last books have been remarkably successful in America. The editor of a well-known paper told me he used constantly while reading them in the street-cars to forget to get out at his own door."

"Has the American public a taste for fiction which deals with crime?"

"I have made a careful study of that point, and can tell you with some certainty that our public prefers detection to crime; in other words, it has no taste for crime as crime, but can thoroughly appreciate 'Sherlock Holmes.' The newspapers are so full of criminal cases, with all their nauseating details, that there is little desire for similar matter in fiction."

"Do you think the pecuniary advantages which the Copyright Act has brought to English authors are likely to be permanent?"

"These large sums will be paid until America produces a similar group of writers of her own. At present we have no such group, but in four or five years I believe we shall be much less dependent upon England. There are several young American writers who will, I feel certain, do great things in the coming time."

Mr. McClure went on to remark that no fiction could be published in an American magazine to which any religious family could object. "Such a novel as 'The Manxman' could not have been published serially on our side of the Atlantic.

"As for my experiences among English authors, you may like to know that I have purchased most of R. L. Stevenson's novels since 1887, and I arranged for the publication in serial form of three-fourths of his later writings. I bought Dr. Conan Doyle's 'White Company' when his name was hardly known in America, and since then I have purchased

nearly all his novels and short stories. For several years I bought nearly everything that Kipling wrote. Weyman's 'Gentleman of France' I purchased a year before it came out, and when his name also was quite unknown in America. These are merely specimens of the many transactions which have passed through my hands. Most of my purchases are made through Mr. Watt." L.

PICTORIAL METHODS IN LITERATURE.

IN the paper on Fontainebleau, published in the volume 'Across the Plains,' Mr. R. L. Stevenson commended the forest and the life there, as he found them, to the student of painting. Fontainebleau is classically graceful, and for the artist to live among graceful shapes is an education for his hand and eye. Again, Fontainebleau is in France, in close proximity to Paris, and there is something in the very air of France that communicates the love of style, and the air of Paris is alive with a technical inspiration. Above all, the place is colonised, or was; and it is good for the artist to live in the purely artistic society of the Forest studios, for it is his fellow-craftsmen only who can take a serious interest in the childish tasks and pitiful successes of his years of training. He is at that stage of education, for the most part, when a man is too much occupied with style to be aware of the necessity of any matter. He has to be shielded from the prating about the lofty aims and moral influences of art, and must be left "to work grossly at the trade, to forget sentiment, to think of his material and nothing else." It is thus that Stevenson sketches and commends the training of the artist as he saw it working in the village communities of painters in Fontainebleau. What occurs to one at once is the complete accord of those descriptions of it with others (in 'Memories and Portraits,' for example), too well known to need quotation, of his own training as a writer. Stevenson's Arcadian days in the Forest, if we mistake not, were those of the writing of the 'Inland Voyage.' But although, therefore, by then he had passed through the early stages of his education as a writer, it was later that he described them in terms identical with those we have noted about the education of the painter. And it may very well be that what he saw of the painter's training founded him in his theory of the writer's, and illumined the meaning and end of his own, undertaken by himself unconsciously; and this is the more likely if we are right in thinking that his association with painters considerably influenced that side of him of which so much has been written under the name of his style.

Howsoever true it may be of all artists, the mind of the painter at least must ever run upon his medium. Its very meanness—pigment squeezed out of tubes and bought at about the price of butter—declares handling to be all-essential, and training in the handling necessary. So that it is not difficult to imagine that a young writer, a lover of the art of words, possessed in the use of them by an artistic consciousness of effects rather than a natural tact for them, when thrown into the painter's camp, where the talk was all day long of materials and methods, should become more strenuous in his efforts after the mastery of his own medium, and more assured, in looking back upon his training, of the constancy of his endeavour after it. From such an influence it is possible to derive a concern for his medium which was more than the scholar's "punctilious observance of its proprieties": a conscious handling of words like a sculptor's handling of the clay, a thumbing of them, as it were, adding and rejecting with the nicest sense of their significance and charm. It would account, too, for a practice which ran more and more to the employment of figure that translated abstract thought and qualities into an appeal to the bodily eye for recognition of them. And even as the painter, when he sits down before his canvas, by the intimation he receives from it of a given space to fill, is compelled, in some degree, to the decorative motive, so the writer who adopts the pictorial methods will go on renouncing all that is not strictly relevant, and will be constant in his striving for quality throughout, and for the same level of quality, not being content to have rare passages relieve the level plain of his work.

A love of the art of words and the appearances of life, a constant and extreme concern for the clean and crafty use of words, the means, in giving life to abstractions and significance and charm to fact, the end of art, a search for figure more and more materialising the abstract, the feeling for design and for a level of "style"—all the qualities which we imagine passing into the writer by association with painters—discover themselves in Stevenson's work. He tells us that they were the aim of his practice, and insists upon their importance, so that, as he says himself (illustrating from an art where such insistence was to be expected), his account of the matter "is apt to smack of the palette and the north light." That, partly at least, they are to be referred in his case to association with painters is an engaging speculation which seems justified by the fact of his residence in the Forest communities while he was yet serving apprentice, under articles of his own drawing, in the craft of words. But, at any rate, they are the true pictorial qualities; and the excessive importance attached to them is outside the traditions of literature. In a great deal that was spoken and written of Stevenson's style recently, they were even heralded as new discoveries; and one often hears the anxiety after them, which many of our younger writers are showing very plainly, accounted for by writing no older than that of 'Kidnapped.' And that this is so shows how little, save in cases where concern for it is discovered excessively, we think of medium, of material to be handled, in literature. So long as its vehicle is words, coins current in the street and the market, if one has something to say, it must always seem easy to say it. And herein, at least, we have an appreciation of the serviceableness of literature; and it is just this which is likely to be impaired by the full acceptance of pictorial methods. These encourage in writing an air that will not allow it, as it were, to be asked for everyday service, so that it seems ever to receive its orders in a supercilious fashion, and to weigh them with its dignity, ready to rebel against the authority of the strongest master, and to take that of the weak quite out of his hands. The influence for ill of literature upon painting is constantly being pointed out by the critics of the art; and painting has it in its power to retaliate upon literature by imposing upon it methods which tie its wings.

D. S. MELDRUM.

NEW BOOKS.

M. JUSSERAND'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

This is the first volume of a work designed to comprehend the entire course of the Literary History of England. It covers the period from Anglo-Saxon times to the dawn of the Renascence. This period includes two epochs totally distinct in character, and calling for a familiarity with totally distinct fields of learning. Very few men are equally masters in Germanic and in Romance and Middle English philology; and M. Jusserand is not one of them. His work presents therefore in its two sections—Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval—a striking inequality of merit, though the charm of style is pretty evenly diffused throughout both. We shall deal with the less adequate first.

All really penetrating and intimate criticism of a literature must rest upon a mastery of its idiom, and M. Jusserand's singular acuteness avails as little to supply the want as his dexterity to conceal it. In a brief comparison between Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry we are told, somewhat airily, "that the resemblances between the two collections are striking, the differences are few. In both it seems as if the same people were revealing its origins, and leading its heroes to Walhalla." Really, to see the sharp diversities of these two literatures thus melt into one another, one must have chosen a pretty remote point of view! M. Jusserand's French readers at least would hardly suspect that of all that colossal myth-world of Germanic gods and heroes which occupies the Edda, hardly a vestige is to be found in the whole of Anglo-Saxon poetry. To such readers the single explanatory sentence which follows, though not exactly wrong in its terms, must convey a completely false impression: "The Anglo-Saxon tale of Beowulf and the Scandinavian saga of Grettir, the Anglo-Saxon story of Waldhere, and the Scandinavian and Germanic tale of the Niblungs and Volsungs, turn on the same incidents or are dedicated to the same heroes, represent a similar ideal of life," etc. But these are not, as the context suggests, typical examples; they are isolated anomalies. Moreover, the Grettir saga is very probably a mere echo of the Beowulf-legend; while the Waldhere, a fragment of some sixty lines, is, with the exception of a few allusions, absolutely the only trace in Old English literature of the story of Hagen Gunther and Attila.

And in his more detailed reference to these literatures, M. Jusserand can hardly be acquitted of that disposition to isolate and insist on particular traits, which is the defect of his method. Taine here led the way; and M. Jusserand, one of his most brillant disciples, has not altogether escaped his blemishes. M. Jusserand's early chapters are no doubt many degrees less inadequate than Taine's; still, the drawing is often crude in its effort to be bold and clear. Violence, cruelty, bloodshed, hearts cut out, roasted, eaten—this is the impression of Scandinavian poetry which is likely to come home to M. Jusserand's readers. "Refined sentiments," he comments, after quoting the grim story of Hogni, who laughed when the quick heart was cut out of him, "escape the comprehension of such heroes; they waste no time in describing things of beauty." But a sentence or two might have been spared to tell of the lyric passion and splendour with which these northern heroes and heroines can utter their love. When Sigrun, mad with grief at the slaying of Helgi, recalls his living form, it is in images, which, like those of a Hebrew Psalmist, surely show a wild delight of their own in "things" of beauty:

> "Helgi so towered above other heroes,
> As the lordly ash above thorn and bramble,
> Or as above all the beasts of the forest
> The great stag towers, the dew-besprinkled,
> And the horns of him flash to the very heavens."

The Anglo-Saxons, too, hardly get due credit for the degree of refinement which their poetry discloses. "Beowulf crushes all he touches. . . . Hunferth taunts him with not having had the best in a swimming match. Beowulf replies by a strong speech, which can be summed up in few words: liar, drunkard, coward, murderer!" This "summing-up" is telling, but not judicial. Beowulf's "reply" is a vivid, detailed, and perfectly self-possessed narrative of the swimming match in question, in which he had himself been victor; and the spirited protest with which he opens might stand comparison, in point of breeding, with the language even of a modern Frenchman, freshly stung by insult. "Ha! friend Unferth, you have told a long story, after beer-brinking, of Breca and his swim! Here is the truth—" It surely reflects little reproach upon "the assembled warriors of Arothgais Court" that they listened to this reply "without indignation." And a more sympathetic observer would have discovered many other indications in the Anglican epic of a refinement of manners for which the Anglican tribes were then conspicuous in Germanic Europe; for instance, the charming picture of the evening banquet before the fight with Grendel, where we hear how the queen entered, *cynna gemyndig* "mindful of etiquette," in her gold glancing raiment, and bare the mead-cup round to young and old, and to Beowulf among the rest, greeted him and thanked God in seemly words that her desire was fulfilled, and she had found a man in whom she might trust for help in affliction. And Beowulf took the cup, and spoke, fired with the spirit of battle. I resolved, as I stepped on board with my man, that I would either accomplish your desires to the full, or fall on the field. . . . And the lady liked his bold words well, and went in her gold raiment to sit beside her lord." Such pictures deserved to be taken note of as not less essential than the battles and the blood to the atmosphere of this "strange poem." Before leaving Beowulf we may call the author's attention to an error in statement which no reviewer of the original seems to have pointed out, since it is repeated in the translation. Beowulf does not "return loaded with treasure to his own country" (p. 52) after the death of Grendel and before the appearance of Grendel's mother.

The first ninety pages of M. Jusserand's book then would hardly of themselves justify its existence. They are, indeed, little more than a somewhat perfunctory prelude to the book proper, which begins where M. Jusserand's own interest, insight, and special knowledge begin, with what he significantly calls "the French Invasion." It may be said at once that to this part of his work—four-fifths of the volume—he has brought rare and high qualifications. What these are may be readily judged from the subjects of his previous books. M. Jusserand's ways of approaching the literary history of England are those naturally congenial to a student of wayfaring life and of old novels,—let us add, to the trained diplomatist and close observer of practical politics. Continually resident in London and Paris, M. Jusserand has been better placed than any of his predecessors for describing the literary history of a period in which French and English influences were inseparably blended; and certain aspects of this history have never been so luminously described before. All the outward life of the time is brought before us, especially whatever is spectacular; ceremonial, processions, pilgrimages, embassies, journeyings of all kinds fascinate his pen; every glint of bright colour catches his eye, from the gold and purple-draped streets that welcomed Richard II. to the picturesque party-coloured costume—one leg black and one red—which adorned the page Chaucer. The outer detail of Chaucer's numerous journeys is brought home by apt quotations from his contemporary Des Champs, complaints of the discomforts of travel in all countries save "sweet France," wherealone you may have for your money, at a fair price, good food, "a room to yourself, fire, sleep, repose, white pillow, scented sheets." Chaucer's famous first Italian journey in 1372, to which he owed so signal a revolution in his poetic ideals, is treated in a characteristic way. M. Jusserand does not greatly concern himself to examine the exact nature of the influence of the three great Italian poets upon Chaucer—a topic so brilliantly handled by Ten Brink—but he makes very real the outward semblance of Italy that Chaucer visited—takes us to Petrarch's Arquan villa and to Boccaccio's retreat in "the little fortified village of Certaldo," and cuts a section through the exuberant art-growth of Florence and Pisa to display their then recent glories just as they may have met the eye of Chaucer. M. Jusserand has throughout made a very happy

*'Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais.' Par J. J. Jusserand. (Paris: Firmin-Didot.)
'A Literary History of the English People.' By J. J. Jusserand. (Unwin.)

use of art, both paintings and especially of the miniatures preserved in MSS. One very happy example of the latter (mediæval London) adorns the frontispiece of the translation. Another, casually described in a footnote, is of great literary interest: it represents the god of love as mediæval poets conceived him—"a tall person with tunic cloak and crown, a bow in his hand and large red wings on his back," evidently no Cupid, still less a Venus. At a later point M. Jusserand makes a contribution of real value to our conception of the stage arrangements of miracle plays, by means of a miniature of Jean Fouquet, at Chantilly. It represents the martyrdom of S. Apollinia, not, however, as it took place, but as it was acted. S. Apollinia is the saint whose teeth were wrenched out by order of the Emperor Julian, and who thence became the patron saint of all sufferers from toothache.

We have little space to dwell upon the other characteristics of M. Jusserand's method already referred to. Almost every page derives charm from his keen zest for the story-element in literature and his faculty of graceful and easy story-telling. Almost every page, too, contains some curious detail due to M. Jusserand's diligent and fruitful study of the "Rolls," a source which he has been the first to utilise on a large scale for literary history. It is here especially that we recognise the observer of practical politics. This kind of insight makes his treatment of England particularly instructive—"the only author," as he aptly says, "who gives a sufficient and contemporaneous idea of that grand phenomenon, the power of Parliament."

We take leave of the present volume with cordial wishes for the prosperous completion of his arduous and adventurous voyage. The vast subject of this volume embraced, for a historian of his proclivities, some topics of peculiar peril, and others of rich opportunity. The perils he has not escaped; the opportunities he has seized with brilliant skill. This Literary History does not affect German exhaustiveness, nor does it very seriously grapple with the problems of literary development; but it enriches the visible story of English literature with a crowd of fresh and vigorous touches, and it has the rare virtue among books of being at once appetising to the many and nutritious to the few.

C. H. HERFORD.

THE MONEY-MAKING OF ENGLAND.*

An admirable and even charming volume in the Cambridge Historical Series. It is carefully planned, well written, easy to read and remember, and, while the authors show remarkable fairness in their judgments, they are wholly untouched by the spirit of commercial boasting which lent to the Fawcetts and McCullochs a somewhat fatuous air. They know, they have laid to heart, the relation of wealth to commonwealth; and not a few of their sentences might be summed up as exemplifying the contrast between the interests of trade, and the demands of political independence and self-sufficingness, which marks off old English history from that of to-day. With this Ariadne-clue, distinguishing production for subsistence from production for the market, they guide the reader through the intricacies of our mediæval economics, our Navigation Acts, Mercantile System, and manufacturing era. As an introduction to larger studies, the book is an excellent one, so clear as to explain itself without a teacher, so suggestive as to awaken a keen desire for more abundant light on topics thus humanly and impartially handled. From the immense variety of details, we can but select two or three points which have a special value both for theory and practice at the moment.

One is the critical insight, due to a sense of the laws of growth and evolution of history, which enables Dr. Cunningham and Miss McArthur to deal fairly with a condition of things quite unlike the modern. They do not apply the maxims or principles of a capitalist era to ages when capitalism was yet unborn. They discriminate between Ricardo's famous Law of Corn Rent in the abstract, and its application to circumstances which may vary. Their method being historical, they see that private property, interest on loans, and the wage system, are all subject to the condition of time, have in themselves nothing immutable, and may survive in many forms, the most important of which have been determined in the past by legislation. It is a decided gain when philosophers no longer treat of economics as a physical science, over-riding the voluntary efforts of men like some blind Necessity, but perceive it to be a human product, an art which allows of its being perfected by study and experience, and, therefore, to a large extent, falling within the sphere of the law-giver. No one can be ignorant that the doctrine of *laissez-faire* has encouraged recklessness. It took for granted a kind of commercial optimism, and its hatred of regulation from above made even the associations among the working class which it just tolerated, partly inefficient and still more liable to excessive friction. In other words, it threw upon the individual a burden he was not able to carry, and it sacrificed the nation to private enterprise.

The Mercantile System, so much decried, and the action of public authority in fixing prices and settling the terms of employment, are thus beheld, no longer in caricature and with the eyes of prejudice, but in true historical perspective. We trace the growth and expansion of machinery, giving it the credit of production which it may fairly claim; yet we are not allowed to overlook or to explain away the effect, in no small degree unfavourable, which it has had upon the labouring class. We see that in the fifteenth century they were independent, with resources of their own, and a high rate of remuneration for work done. Since the eighteenth, they have become, with certain exceptions, mere wage-earners, paid according to a market-scale, the fluctuations of which they can neither forecast nor control. The centre of gravity, so to speak, on which their subsistence rests, has fallen outside them. As a class they own nothing but their labour. If England were, in the language of Fichte, a "closed State," we should be justified in asking whether Government ought not once more to resume its function of establishing fair prices and just wages. But the Government does not command the markets of the world; and England too, as a nation, lies at the mercy of accidents which may happen at the Antipodes, in America, in Russia, in Hindustan. It is a position of most unstable equilibrium. The writers, impressed by such phenomena, and consulting history, throw out a question: "Will the centre of commerce shift again?" It has veered from Tyre to Carthage, from Venice to Holland. Now it is in London; but capital, though housed in the City, is unpatriotic and cosmopolitan. Were such a change to come about, and Chicago, for instance, to rise on the decline of Threadneedle Street, we might be thrown back on the subsistence-era, and our capitalism would shrink to mediæval proportions. But the volume we are reviewing makes no attempt to resolve its own queries. It is content to have given a summary, at once readable and accurate, of the past; to bring out the underlying principles of both systems; and to hold the balance between opposite views which are often in conflict because they regard different sets of circumstances. Its chief omission, perhaps, is this; it does not lay sufficient stress on the change whereby private individuals, since the Reformation, have become possessed of what were once national resources, and, in the manufacturing era, have exploited the bounty of nature—mines, sites, water-power, and the like—for their own advantage, without paying any adequate return to the commonwealth, or recognising the momentous fact that their privileges are law-made, and, in their essence, a monopoly, which the State has given them, surely not without implied conditions. WILLIAM BARRY.

* 'Outlines of English Industrial History.' By W. Cunningham, D.D., Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Ellen A. McArthur, Lecturer of Girton College. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1895.

TOLSTOY'S LAST STORY.*

Tolstoy has warm admirers who could only under severe compulsion read 'The Kingdom of God is Within You,' just as he has others who read 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karenina,' in the rather vain hopes of extracting a gospel from them. The former had grown to think that the vein they valued was completely worked out; but the inventive faculty and the power of scenic representation, when they are as strong as they were in Tolstoy, are not easily

* 'Master and Man.' By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated by A. Hulme Beaman. 1s (Chapman and Hall.)

exhausted or weakened. In his case an absorbing mission, and perhaps some ascetic principles, have had far more to do with the arrest of his artistic career than any decay of genius. The proof is, that now and again in his later peasant stories, written purposely for an uncultured audience, the old strength and beauty of phrase and incident refuse to be suppressed. Notably is this so in 'Master and Man'; and surely we may be allowed to freely rejoice at the reappearance of the earlier Tolstoy. After all, next to life we learn most from art. Precept and homily have not half its reach. And the best reason for rejoicing he himself involuntarily provides. As a story-writer he is a fastidious artist; none more eager to search for the word, or, at least, the circumstance that will produce the desired effect on our imagination; there is nothing casual or haphazard in word or arrangement. He has plainly loved his imaginings, and tended them till they have became fair. In his books of precept, on the other hand, in spite of their striking thought, the form is as careless, and often as unsatisfactory as it could be. Unconsciously, and against his will, he has himself apportioned the respective values to be set on his two orders of books.

'Master and Man' begins in the dryest, most literal fashion, describing two commonplace persons, one a sordid country merchant, whose soul only stirs when he outwits a customer; the other, a ground-down, poverty-stricken peasant, a drunkard with fits of sour repentance. They take a winter journey together in a sledge, and get lost. The account of their wanderings and adventures is in its way masterly. But you are probably beginning to think you have had enough of their company—the tone and description being rigidly kept at their level, and their minds are not very lively—when the catastrophe occurs. While the deadly sleep is creeping over them they have each their own fears and visions. As a man knows his own heart best by his dreams, so these two different human hearts are revealed to us by theirs—the selfish, greedy man with his hopes still on gain, the over-driven peasant with desire for rest. Then Vassili the master makes a great effort for life, deserting the now unconscious Nikita; and if ever the terror of a desperate man in a wilderness of night and snow could be adequately suggested to the imagination, it is suggested here—by the simplest means, too. The dark spot, which might be a sheltering house, turning into a black strip of reeds, all whistling and bending before the merciless storm; the horse's tracks speaking of hope till they are discovered to be his own, and prove him to have been travelling in a circle: a few such glimpses in a short page or two keep the man's desperate case fast and vivid in our imaginations. Then comes the climax; or rather the revelation of the motive of the story. A central and sublime belief of the religion which Tolstoy literally accepts, declares that the soul, in great moments, by divine intervention, is made better than itself—a doctrine contradicted by our daily common life of sordid disappointments, but which a wider human experience, reaching beyond Christendom, faithfully corroborates. So Vassili, of the petty bargaining past, who, if a to-morrow were still granted him, would again overreach his neighbours and chuckle at his cleverness, Vassili goes back to Nikita, clasps him in his arms, wraps him in his coat, and gives him all his warmth. Thoughts and dreams crowd on him for long. "He remembered his money, his store, his house, his buying, and his sales, and the Mironoff millions, and could not understand why the man they called Vassili Andreïtch Brekhunoff had worried over what he had worried over. . . . And he felt that he was free, and nothing further held him back. And these were the last things that Vassili Andreïtch saw, heard, and felt in this world."

Perhaps with the death of the master and the comparative safety of Nikita the tale should have ended. But I will not perversely seek for an artistic defect in a story so beautiful in conception, so masterly in development, so skilfully delicate in workmanship as 'Master and Man.'

A. M.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.*

Mr. Kidd in these lectures proposes to himself the task of ascertaining the relation between morality and religion. His first step necessarily is to determine what each of these related manifestations of human nature is and signifies. With considerable thoroughness and with obvious familiarity with ethical discussion and with the best recent work in this department, he investigates the essentials of morality. And into this part of his work he has not only put much solid and philosophical thinking, but has also introduced some forcible criticism of Grun, Principal Caird, and Mr. Fiske. In dealing with religion he gives much attention to Professor Max Muller and to the Master of Balliol's 'Evolution of Religion.' With neither of these writers does Mr. Kidd agree, and his objections to their theories are certainly not without weight. Approaching the central theme of his lectures he finds that neither morality nor religion can exist without the other. Necessarily he gives a good deal of attention to those well-known phenomena which superficially seem to indicate that there is no necessary connection between morality and religion. The concluding part of the book is occupied with an exposition of the testimony of Christ. The most interesting and novel feature of this section is Mr. Kidd's discussion of the question whether all our Lord's teaching can be embraced under the category of 'the kingdom of God.' He concludes that it cannot. But those who hold that it can will have something to say about the adequacy of his arguments.

The strength of the book lies in the chapters which are devoted to the exposition of the relation which subsists between morality and religion. It is here that Mr. Kidd's originality and acuteness appear. The result indeed which he arrives at is by no means new, and might have been anticipated, the result that neither can morality exist independently of religion nor religion without morality. But the method and the argument by which this result is reached are new and striking. Virtually, Mr. Kidd's position is given in the words: "We can only maintain that morality is self-sufficient by maintaining that the world is self-sufficient." And his proof that the world is not self-sufficient is mainly this, that if self-sufficient and self-existent, it must be throughout its term of existence identical both in quality and in quantity, admitting no additions or introductions of what is novel. This is an argument which does not, at the first blush, command assent, and it deserves fuller exposition and defence than Mr. Kidd affords it.

On the whole Mr. Kidd has produced a book in which there are many suggestions for those who are interested in philosophical discussions. He is an exact and independent thinker, and he can hold fast the thread of his argument through the most elaborate maze of logical subtleties. He would have written a better book had he been allowed only half the space. He does not get to his point quickly enough. He is too leisurely, and shows more of the processes of his thought and the forms of argument than is necessary. This will lose him readers. MARCUS DODS.

* 'Morality and Religion.' Being the Kerr Lectures for 1893-4. By Rev. James Kidd, B.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

DUBLIN MYSTICS.*

The success of these little books is certainly one of the significant things in the imaginative awakening of our time. 'Homeward: Songs by the Way' has been reprinted in America in an edition of 975 copies, as well as running into its second five hundred at home; while 'Two Essays on the Remnant,' though published much later, is already in its second edition. Yet both books bear the imprint of an unknown publisher, and are issued in a city which has long published little but school-books and prayer-books, and both are full of unfamiliar ideas. They owe their success to a kind of charm rare in an age when artists and writers obey only too much the command of the Elizabethan painter who bade his pupils grind the whole world into paint. One feels that the thoughts they contain were thought out for their own sake, and not for the sake of literature; that their writers could become silent to-morrow without a pang, and

* 'Homeward: Songs by the Way.' By A. E. Second edition. (Dublin: Whaley.)
'Homeward: Songs by the Way.' By A. E. Enlarged edition. (Portland, Maine: T. B. Mosher.)
'Two Essays on the Remnant.' By John Eglington. Second edition. (Dublin: Whaley.)

that their silence would be no mere refuge from thought, no mere laying down of a burden. Other writers may celebrate life and joy and love, or set their hearts on fame, or in the sheer delight of writing, but these men write to hearten the pilgrims to the eternal city, and to keep them from forgetting the day A. E. sings of:

"When the shepherd of the Ages draws his misty herds away
Through the glimmering deeps to silence, and within the awful fold
Life and joy and love for ever vanish as a tale is told."

A. E. is always the visionary and the poet, and like all purely creative forces, is unanalysable and incalculable; but John Eglington is none the less a theorist and a thinker because he wraps his theories and his thoughts in sentences which are rich and elaborate as old embroidery. We live, he tells us, at a period when we must "perpetuate the onward impulse in our own individual lives," or "content ourselves with maintaining a decadent literature, art and sience"; and his book is a passionate and lofty appeal to the "idealists" to come out of the modern world as the children of Israel came out of Egypt. His appeal is no mere literary method of giving weight and emphasis to his subtle criticisms of men and books, for it is born of the influence and doctrines of a little group of men and women who have been for years living the life he preaches, as best they can under modern disabilities, and setting themselves in "league," as he would have them, "with the green hostes of trees" "and the countless horde of grass that springs in the breaches of ruins and in the interstices of depopulate pavements." W. B. YEATS.

THE CRUSADES.*

When one of his emirs began to speak ill of a certain learned doctor in the presence of Nur-ed-Dîn, the great atabek of Aleppo at once silenced the slanderer by saying, "If you speak ill of him, I shall punish you severely, even though you tell the truth. His good qualities are enough to cover his faults." It is with emotions akin to those that moved the mind of the Saracen conqueror that any student of history who knows the value of sound, honest work, would read the criticisms of a reviewer, who was content with merely enumerating the faults of a book possessing such important historical qualities as that which lies before us. In these days, when English popular manuals of history are so often put together in a slipshod manner, when loose theorisings and gross inaccuracies of statement too often take the place of the results of steady thinking and careful research, it is a pleasure to meet with so conscientious a writer as Mr. Archer. He does not belong to that class of historians who, led astray by a too-absorbing passion for the picturesque, "draw their facts and their inferences from their imaginations." Neither is he a mere compiler, a bookmaker, a dealer in second-hand goods. He believes that every historian should be "his own Dry-as-dust." He has realized that "historical genius largely consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains." With the able assistance of Mr. Kingsford, he has carefully sifted the evidence of those chroniclers who took part in the Crusades, and has not neglected the works of great Arabic historians like Ibnel-Athîr and Abou' l-Fedâ, Behâ ed-Dîn, and Saladin's secretary, Eïmad ed-Dîn, of Ispahan. Nevertheless he has not failed to profit by the researches of previous workers in different branches of his subject. The labours of Bréholles and Von Sybel, of Stubbs and Hagenmayer, and of the learned editors of the 'Recueil des Historiens des Croisades,' have tended to lighten the task of the modern historian of these expeditions, and Mr. Archer and his collaborator have made an intelligent use of the conclusions of these great scholars. The authors of this volume have not only given proof, however, of zeal and perseverance in collecting and selecting the material for their work, they have also demonstrated that they are able to arrange it with due regard to historical proportion, and to show in what relation the events they record stand to each other and to general European history. They possess, too, in a considerable measure that most uncommon quality—fairmindedness. "Ce qui est des plus rares," says Amiel, "c'est la justesse d'esprit, la méthode, la critique, la proportion, la nuance. L'état commun des pensées est la confusion, l'incohérence, la présomption, et l'état commun des cœurs est l'état passioné, l'impossibilité d' être équitable, impartial, accessible, ouvert. . . . L'art d'arriver au vrai est très peu pratiqué." The bewildered searcher after historical truth, who has read several histories of the Crusades, will have found abundant evidence to support the dictum of the Genevan philosopher, and he will turn with satisfaction to a work which, in spite of some defects, shows on every page the disinterestedness of its writers.

Students of the great movements of the Middle Ages have long been in want of an account of these expeditions, written, as far as possible, in an impartial spirit, and embodying the results of modern research. For many years now abundant materials have been ready to hand, waiting for a competent historian to sift them, and to mould whatever of them he might judge to be of real value into one harmonious whole. Early in the last century the monks of the Congregation of St. Maur set to work to complete the task that Bongars had commenced in a previous age. These learned Benedictines laboured with persistent devotion to render accessible to students the stores of historical learning that lay hid in the Bibliothéque du Roi and in the Bibliothéque de St.-Germain-des-Prés. We cannot be too grateful to men like Berthereau, who gave themselves up entirely to the task of deciphering, translating, and editing the works of the Arabic historians; and through whose efforts Western students were first enabled to look at the Crusades from an oriental point of view. The hurricane of the revolution drove the Benedictines from their quiet libraries, and scattered their precious documents. Whilst the storm was still raging, Berthereau himself died "accablé de chagrin et d'infirmités." He had managed to save his own portion of the manuscripts from the general wreck, and he left them, a precious legacy to his heirs. The work of the Congregation of St. Maur has been continued in part by that band of scholars to which the French Academy intrusted the editing of its noble "Recueil des Historiens des Croisades." But long before this collection was published, all the more important chronicles of the Crusades had been easy of access. It is, therefore, a matter for wonderment, that events of such absorbing interest, and so momentous in their results, should have had to wait so many years for a competent historian. For not only are the materials abundant, but they possess, for the most part, a certain quality which makes them peculiarly valuable to the student of mediæval life and character. No chronicles are more stimulating, more full of exciting incidents vividly described, more aglow with bright and varied colour, than the accounts of these expeditions as they were written down at the time by the men who took part in them. From no other records can we obtain so clear a conception of the motives, the aspirations, the political and religious ideals of the men of that age. Notwithstanding, however, the importance of the subject, and its great attractiveness, the telling of the story of the Crusades has been undertaken for the most part either by well-meaning historians notoriously deficient in critical power and incapable of distinguishing between original and second-hand authorities, or else by enthusiastic advocates, of one side or the other, whose main efforts have been devoted to proving that one set of combatants was always in the right and the other always in the wrong. The enemies of Mohammedanism on the one hand, who have trod in the steps of the earlier Western historians, the enemies of Catholicism on the other, who have followed the lead of such writers as Voltaire and De Guignes, Heller and Haken—have done and are doing their best to make it appear that the facts of the epoch are all that they in their violent partisanship would wish them to be. Historical writers of this type are prone to judge the morality of the Crusaders or of their Saracen opponents by the standard of one or other of the great ethical schools of the day, "according to the mental preference of the particular critic." That is the dogmatic method of criticism. Those who apply it to history utterly fail to realise that it behoves the student of the great struggles of races or of religions to cultivate "the historic sense," to endeavour to stimulate within himself a deep sympathy, not merely for

* 'The Crusades.' By T. A. Archer and C. L. Kingsford. The Story of the Nations Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

this side or for that, but for every side in those conflicts for supremacy with which he has to deal; and particularly for those combatants to which his mental training and the natural bent of his mind render him less capable of doing complete justice. These eager partisans do not attempt to understand the feelings, the hopes, the aspirations of the best men in both opposing camps. Whatever may be their pretensions they are false to the spirit of humanism; for he who is imbued with it, will treat with impatience, or scorn, or partiality "no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have been passionate, or expended time and zeal." Nothing can well be more contemptible than the cheap cynicism of a class of historical critics, who have adopted, as far as they are able, the tone and temper of Gibbon, without having any of his charm of style, and without labouring to acquire such stores of sound learning as rendered his work valuable, even when his manner of writing history was farthest removed from the true historic method. The authors of the volume before us have carried out their task in a very different spirit to that which has actuated so many previous historians of the Crusades; and consequently they have succeeded in producing a work which will hold a high place in the literature of the subject. Their book is not without certain faults, some of which are, no doubt, to be attributed to its dual authorship. It contains a few needless repetitions, and several uncouth phrases; it has, too, rather more than its fair share of typographical errors. But it would be ungracious to dwell upon these minor defects. We cannot but regret that ill-health has prevented Mr. Archer from writing that larger history of the Crusades which he had planned, and for which he had collected material with so much diligence and discrimination.

R. L. Douglas.

AN ESTIMATE OF THACKERAY.*

This painstaking appreciation of Thackeray is vitiated by one capital defect. Wide human sympathy is absolutely essential to good literary criticism. Mr. Jack sympathises with and understands the more elevated moods of mankind, but there are certain human phases and tempers he would obliterate entirely. So should we all, if we had any decisive voice in the matter; but, unless we are professional moralists, we think that so long as they are part of life they have their legitimate place in literature, provided, of course, decencies and proportions be adhered to. Mr. Jack is now a good moralist. When he is older he may be a good critic.

Of Thackeray's more serious claims to be regarded as a classic, he speaks well, and therefore not superfluously, though on his vivid presentation of character perhaps due stress is not laid; and though the remarks on style are intelligent, they are very far from being the last word. He has an irritating habit of hitting on a truth, or quoting an accepted theory, and then drawing far too strong inferences from it. Of Thackeray's formlessness, for instance, it was right to complain; but he does not speak for many besides himself when he says of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and 'The Newcomes' that, "published as a whole, they are only readable with difficulty." We all know the theory that a work of art should be drawn to scale, constructed with the regularity and proportion of an architect's plan. The few books that adhere to the theory are very pretty; they may or may not be delightful to the imagination and the soul. And this method, this rhythm, this perfect proportion, are their existence to be tested only by external plan and arrangement? Can the ideal not be satisfied by harmony of tone and temper and spirit? It must, or we throw overboard as inartistic, and Mr. Jack would piously say, "only readable with difficulty," a good many of the masterpieces of the world—'Don Quixote,' for example.

Concerning Thackeray's defects, perhaps he has not said a word that is not true; and I like his sturdily unapologetic attitude. But he is terribly solemn in his judgments. Such rigid severity would be becoming if Thackeray had written one book every five years, and nothing else between, and two of these had been, say, the 'Shabby Genteel Story' and 'The Book of Snobs.' But Thackeray was writing continually, in every mood, in every mental condition, and if some readers invariably take him seriously, he himself did not, and would have laughed at them for their pains. We all have our own way of spending the unguarded moments of our lives; most of us are terribly dull, and some of us ill-tempered. Thackeray chronicled his on paper—like all good fellows of high vitality, caring not a rap for his reputation—and they were generally amusing. But then they were certainly spent in vulgar or commonplace company, and his satire was often merely frivolous and shallow. This is all very true; and the man who wrote 'Esmond' and 'The Newcomes' knew it best of all. To weep over the frivolities of genius that has had high manifestations is a woeful waste of tears. Decent regret is permissible; but depend on it, the defects regretted have been used in the very stuff that has roused our admiration; for genius is not wasteful in this sense; it transforms its weaknesses into painful wisdom; it uses somehow and somewhere effectively the whole of itself. In a morbidly serious frame of mind it might seem fitting to pipe the eye because Shakespeare made atrocious puns and invented scenes which are downright silly. Let us be thankful our humour bids our conscience stop short of that. And though Thackeray treated royal personages and peers of the realm, and those misunderstood worthies the snobs, in a way that has called out serious explanation and remonstrance from Mr. Jack, and though in the 'Irish Sketch Book' "there are none of those wide disquisitions upon society and government which the investigation of a particular country suggests to writers of the class of De Tocqueville and M. Taine," and though 'The Shabby Genteel Story' is hopelessly vulgar, the conclusion of the whole is that it really doesn't much matter. The main question is whether Thackeray's greater qualities will stand the test of time. The lesser fruits of his exuberant energy have their due significance; but to grieve over them with such solemnity is not more sensible than solemnly disputing to Goldsmith's compilations a place in serious historical science.

A. M.

* 'Thackeray. A Study.' By A. A. Jack. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THE WESSEX NOVELS.*

We have waited long for a worthy edition of Mr. Hardy's Wessex Novels. Now the fifteen existing volumes and the forthcoming ones will be sent out by Messrs. Osgood in a well-chosen dress. They will be illustrated, and will have the author's revisions. So far as binding, title-page, and the reproduction of the illustrations are concerned, the first volume gives evidence of the publishers' taste and care. Of Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's etchings, one of Mr. Hardy, the other of the old Wool Manor House, the scene of Tess's confession to Angel, the former, at least, is very pleasing, and the technique of both excellent. The two familiar and interesting prefaces, to the first and fifth editions respectively, have been retained, the latter with some verbal revisions, and with a note in which Mr. Hardy acknowledges what many have guessed, and some have stated, that his backgrounds have been done from the real, and indirectly corroborates the identifications that have been made in The Bookman and elsewhere. Which bring us to an interesting feature of the new edition—Mr. Hardy's map. The first map of his Wessex appeared in the first number of The Bookman. A second, much more complete, was published recently in the volume on 'Thomas Hardy' in the 'Contemporary Writers' series; and its substantial accuracy is attested by the admirably compact and clearly-printed one before us, which is stamped with Mr. Hardy's authority, and which will appear in each volume of this new edition. The indication of the scenes of "Hearts Insurgent," now running as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*—Christminster (Oxford), Alfredston, and Marygreen—brings the map up to date. The position of Endelstow and the other places mentioned in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which plays outside Wessex, is given in a little map of Cornwall.

No one who loves the Wessex novels will undervalue this aid to their topographical comprehension. There is nothing mechanically systematic about Mr. Hardy's plan; he has proceeded rather in obedience to a half-conscious poetic impulse. Yet, all the same, he has set nearly every physical characteristic of his beautiful and varied Wessex to an interpreting romance, or rather he has made each of his romances

* 'The Wessex Novels,' Vol. I. 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' 6s. (Osgood and M'Ilvaine.)

sing the same tune as its landscape background. But while his treatment is poetic, it is also eminently precise and definite; you crave a map, for the sake of directions, as you do in reading a book of travels. Now he gives one. Then, that minor craving satisfied, you go back to his pictures and enjoy them the more.

TRYPHENA IN LOVE.*

Surely dialect in fiction, like onion in a salad, is best when it lurks half-suspected yet animates the whole; not when it intrudes its plebeian presence to the destruction of more subtle flavours. Nor, unless we chance to be philologists, are we chiefly concerned that it be pedantically exact; indeed, the truer impression is more often given by a somewhat conventional vocabulary, such as Mr. Chevalier permitted his costers to employ, than by a phonographically accurate record. Mr. Raymond, never a noticeable offender in this way, has in this book been still more reticent in obtruding non-familiar idioms. His dialect subtly pervades the whole story—in the impersonal passages as well as those uttered directly by the chief actors. Yet you are never driven to a glossary, nor forced to read phonetic passages aloud, to gather their meaning from their sound. This seems a very artistic use of dialect, for fiction is not merely a mosaic of local phrases and idioms; and the art that plucks these wild flowers of speech and sets them before the painter's figures and background is nearer akin to the craft of the panorama maker who fills his realistic foreground with dyed ferns and dead branches, than to that of the painter who translates all essential details to be represented harmoniously in the one medium at his command.

This course seems more than ever admirable when Home Rule for Novelists is a popular cry, and the novel of locality finds a warm welcome. It is encouraging to see that the wide district of Somerset has been appropriated by so good a story-teller as Mr. Raymond, who, loyal as he is to his chosen county, never forgets that he appeals to a cosmopolitan audience and gives enough local colour and no more. By this he makes the reader feel for the time a genuine resident in the district he has selected, neither a cockney tourist bent on manufacturing stage pastorals from prosaic peasants, nor a scientific visitor keen to discover how much of the Kelt or Saxon survives in the yeomen and yokels. His is the best way—you open 'Tryphena' and forget everything except a vague sense of half-forgotten country scents blowing round you—and the vivid planes of sunshine and shade, so unlike the low-toned harmony that faces you in town.

From the first word of the prologue to the last of the epilogue, far too briefly traversed, you are the unseen spectator of an idyll that is carefully selected from real life. It is, indeed, a piece of *genre* painting of the highest order, a pastoral comedy where tragedy, pathos, humour, and, above all, love, sway the actors in most human fashion; yet as you read you forget to analyse, and enjoy the artlessness of the telling unhindered by any critical purpose. So Mr. Raymond witches you and reveals the true secret of the *raconteur*, that of hypnotising his audience to perfect sympathy.

The story itself might be told in a sentence. It has but four characters. Mrs. Joshua Pettigrew—neither Mrs. Poyser, nor an aunt of Maggie Tulliver, nor a relative of Bathsheba Everdene, or any Wessex housewife—the least important, yet one who lives and moves a genuine creation; her somewhile crippled son, prisoner in the chamber where the King hid; Tryphena, the almost innocent cause of the accident which has made him helpless, "straight and bright as the poppy docks she sometimes brought in from the hillside"; and Miss Mervin, the new comer at the Hall, who as fairy Princess wakens the Prince to love—another. They are all as real as life, and as devoid of the unexpected as the multiplication table itself; but instead of fading into forgetfulness, after the fashion of the complex personalities of the problem novel, they are as actual as the villagers you met during your last holiday in the country.

If the novel of locality bring us books of this order, books we may place near Cranfurd with no sense of unworthiness, then indeed might the novel of locality accomplish much. But on re-reading you discover it is the art of the story that really satisfied you. Its mere form is a thing worth analysing. Its prologue, repeated with slightly changed modulation for the epilogue, is in as classic a form as Bach's famous Chaconne, where the great sequence of chords repeated with a final major close, gives at once the text, and the peroration of the work. This difficult form Mr. Raymond wields as lightly as Mr. Bret Harte used his chorus of children in Cressy. A chance reader would not suspect the arbitrary plan underneath the fantasy.

So the dramatic unity is accomplished with perfect symmetry, and yet retains all the vitality and freshness of an improvisation. Mr. Walter Raymond's 'Misterton's Mistake,' read half a dozen years ago, has left passages fresh in one's memory still; 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,' 'Young Sam and Sabina,' and 'Love and Quiet Life' show his gradually progressing mastery of the material, more certainty of touch, and more reliance upon style. The difference between Thomas Hardy's Wessex and Mr. Raymond's Somerset is not greater topographically than in their books, yet he who would compare the two, or judge one county superior to the other, deserves to lose both. It is because Mr. Raymond is so clearly defined in his aim, and so sure of arousing interest in the subject that appeals to him, that one sees in 'Tryphena in Love' a genuine novelist, who is young enough to warrant a belief that he may yet take a prominent place in the hierarchy of fiction.

GLEESON WHITE.

* 'Tryphena in Love.' By Walter Raymond. "The Iris Library." 2s. 6d. net. (London: J. M. Dent and Co.)

THE HUMOUR OF RUSSIA.*

If an intelligent native of some distant clime were to sit down to a lonely perusal of this Humour Series, by way of making up his mind which of the European countries would be the most agreeable and amusing for a prolonged sojourn, he would certainly decide in favour of Russia. Experience might disillusion him, if the newspapers and travellers' rumours did not prevent the fulfilment of his intention; but he would have drawn a correct conclusion, all the same, from the evidence before him.

That Russian humour is so far superior to French, German, Italian, Dutch, Irish, and Spanish humour is very doubtful; but Mr. Voynich has been more careful of the reputation of his country than the other editors have been of the honour of theirs. The general fault running through the series has been the admission of little jokes with no literary merit at all; a less general defect has been the indifferent quality of the translation. Among these Russian specimens are some which are hardly humorous in the great sense of the word, only funny. These are few, however; the poorest have merits far above the standard of the comic paper, and they are put into excellent idiomatic English. In fact, a distinct literary stamp is on the collection; to its translation and compilation, judgment and taste and unusual skill have been brought.

Whether in the English version we taste the whole of the fun may be doubtful, but there are not many of our own farces that one can enjoy better than Gogol's "Marriage" and Ostrovsky's "Incompatibility of Temper." The comedy of domestic life, ridiculous and rigid administration—everywhere the butt of ridicule but most of all in Russia—intellectual affectation, and peasant naiveté, are cleverly represented; and to read even half the examples is to take note of two things; first, that the Russians know very well how to laugh—not a superfluous piece of information seeing that our acquaintance with them is mainly gained from their pessimistic literature—and, secondly, whatever be the severity of the censorship, they know how to snap their fingers at it, or they have often the luck to escape its rigours. It is not every European country in which Shchedrin's 'The Eagle as Mecaenas' might be published with impunity. Stepniak in his introduction gives a short sketch of what Shchedrin has done for Russian literature, and calls him "the greatest satirist the Slavonic race has produced." This judgment is not belied by the extracts from his work given here, the one

* 'The Humour of Russia.' Translated by E. L. Voynich. With an Introduction by Stepniak. Illustrations by Paul Frénzeny. Humour Series. (W. Scott.)

named above being a particularly vigorous example of the satiric fable. The institution of the scientific academy which was to bring light and leading to the kingdom of the birds amused the eagle for a while, till the falcon took on schoolmasterly airs towards the king. 'The tone in which the question was asked struck the eagle as quite intolerable. All his blood boiled at the thought that, when he said "all" his slave should dare to answer "not all." Now, it is a well-known peculiarity of eagles that when their blood begins to boil they become incapable of distinguishing pedagogical disquisitions from revolution. The eagle acted accordingly.' Then began the decay of the 'Golden Age' of enlightenment; it was already fast going to the dogs when "'Drop it!' suddenly rang through the aerial heights. It was the eagle who said that. The process of education broke off short. Throughout the whole establishment there reigned such dead silence that we could even hear the whispers of slander creeping along the earth."

The most extravagant of all, "The Crocodile," externally verging on the silly, but with a very sane idea at its core, is by, of all improbable writers in the world, the melancholy Dostoyevsky. Under protest Stepniak has allowed the admission of a youthful piece of his own, 'The Story of a Kopeck;' it is excellent, but of the kind that provokes a very grim smile. There is a good deal of this bitter humour in the book, yet not too much. Mr. Voynich has no wish to depress us, or to amuse us too savagely. In this as in other matters his judgment is good. Indeed, we have nothing but praise for his book from first to last.

THE ELIZABETHAN HAMLET.*

Mr. Corbin's essay has a twofold aspect. Partly it is what he calls a "study" of the sources of Shakespeare's play; partly it maintains a most egregious æsthetic paradox. This is to the effect that, inasmuch as the earlier rudimentary versions of the Hamlet story were conceived in a broadly comic vein, therefore we must expect to find a similar comic element in the final form given to it by Shakespeare. Mr. Corbin suggests, for example, that we cannot appreciate the great scene between Hamlet and Ophelia as an Elizabethan would have appreciated it, unless we are prepared to regard it as at least partly a joke, intended to tickle the ears of the groundlings. The arguments brought forward in support of the theory practically amount to this, that the Elizabethan comic sense was very different to ours, and that it could find merriment in scenes and incidents which to us are only appalling. The main thesis here is true enough, although it is by no means such a new departure in Shakespearian criticism as Mr. Corbin seems to think. With regard to the present application thereof, surely the right answer is this. The comic sense has undoubtedly changed, but the tragic sense has, essentially, not. What was pitiful and terrible to Shakespeare—aye, and to Sophocles—is pitiful and terrible to us still. Therefore the tragic sense is a surer criterion and guide than the comic sense, and it is the tragic sense which informs us that when Hamlet says to Ophelia, "Go thy ways to a nunnery," it is not laughable. I would recommend Mr. Corbin to revise his views in the light of the fact that a jest is often the bitterest and the saddest of things.

Mr. Corbin's account of the sources of 'Hamlet' is spoilt by an apparent inability to distinguish between what is reasonably well established and what is purely hypothetical. He bolts wholesale Gregor Sarrazin's ingenious but quite conjectural notion that the so-called 'Ur-Hamlet' was the work of Thomas Kyd. He tells us that "there is little doubt" that the English translation of the 'Hystorie of Hamlet' appeared shortly after 1570, although there is no trace of an earlier edition than that of 1608, while it has been pointed out by Elze that the text of the translation shows distinct traces of the influence of the play. And he assumes without any attempt at proof that the German version, 'Fratricide Punished,' is based directly upon the 'Ur-Hamlet,' when a glance at Creizenach's 'Englischen Komödianten' or any other authority on the subject would have told him, that it is just as probably an infinitely degraded and burlesqued imitation of Shakespeare.

* 'The Elizabethan Hamlet.' By John Corbin. (Elkin Mathews.)

To beg all the moot points about the sources of a play is hardly to "study" it. Professor York Powell contributes a prefatory note in which he cautiously disavows all responsibility for Mr. Corbin's views.

EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

In his Poems Mr. Lionel Johnson is likely to suffer at the hands of most readers, because he is known to them as a critic first and a poet afterwards. They will turn to him for certain ascertained qualities, and will not fail to find them—the academic note, the accent of the inveterate bookman, the classic predilection, and the rest. And if we have any complaint to make of Mr. Johnson, it is that he has, of malice prepense apparently, played too much into the hands of his prejudging critics. For it is where he is most himself, most impulsive and original, and least reminiscent and theoretic, that he is most convincing. One such poem as that entitled "To Morfydd," the second in the book, is worth many experiments in the use of curious metres to which Mr. Johnson is given, and which rather remind one at times of the metrical excesses imposed by Gabriel Harvey long ago upon Spenser.

Here, on the other hand, are the two first verses of the poem, "To Morfydd":

"A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!"

The refrain of these verses was taken down, we believe, from the lips of an old Welsh woman; and so far it goes to prove our case, that Mr. Johnson's writing is best when it touches life. Fortunately, although there are many pieces in the book whose spirit is purely literary, there is a quantum of others which may fairly be put in the same category with "Morfydd." Others, again, have something of both qualities, as the delightful dedicatory poem, "To Winchester," which has all the mingled reminiscent charm, spirit of old association, and emotion, both historic and human, essential to the "making" of such things.

"To the fairest! then to thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester! this verse of mine.
Ah, that loveliness of thine!
To have lived enchanted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls;
Whence a purpling glory pours
From high heaven's inheritors,
Throned within the arching stone!"

Winchester and Oxford account for much that is telling and excellent in these poems, and for something to, no doubt, of any excess they may have of academic qualities. But here Mr. Johnson's range by no means ends. One interesting feature about his work, which remains to be traced, is that, with all his classic sympathies, he has been led on so far in other and Celtic fields. Some of the most distinctive numbers in his book are those treating of Wales and Ireland.

"This world of the gray cottage by the hill,
This gorge, this lusty air, this loneliness:
The calm of drifting clouds; the pine-tops whirled
And swayed along the ridges. . . ."

Of this world we hear much in his pages. Even in the heart of the England which he celebrates like a lover in so many of his poems, he has all the longing of the Celt for other and westward places. This is the motive of the two

* 'Poems.' By Lionel Johnson. (Elkin Mathews.)

striking stanzas, "Desideria," inscribed to Mrs. Hinkson, of which we quote the second:

"In hunger of the heart I loathe
These happy fields: I turn with tears
Of love and longing, far away:
To where the heathered Hill of Howth
Stands guardian with the Golden Spears,
Above the blue of Dublin Bay."

Of a part with his love for Ireland, we may consider perhaps the strong Catholic sentiment running through his later poems; for Mr. Johnson is another in that remarkable band of poets who have served a Roman Church and an English Muse. However, it is neither as a Catholic nor a Celt that we prefer to represent him in one last extract, which we take from his finely turned poem in quatrains, entitled "In England":

"Heaped with a sweet hayload,
Curved, yellow waggons pass
Slow down the high-hedged road;
I watched them from the grass.

A pleasant village noise
Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
Before the first leaves fall.

Red wreckage of the rose,
Over a gusty lawn;
While in the orchard close,
Fruits redden to their dawn.

. . . . .

Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
Far the blue Sicel sea:
But England's excellence
Is more than they to me."

ERNEST RHYS.

VAIN FORTUNE.*

Not having read 'Vain Fortune' in its first form, it is easy for me to comply with Mr. Moore's request, to regard the present edition as a new story altogether. It is written in Mr. Moore's later style, in the style that 'Esther Waters' made familiar to a great number of readers. I confess the style is to me the most interesting thing about it, not that I like it much, or wish anyone else to imitate it. But it is interesting as something very deliberately chosen, very consistently adhered to, very well fitting the attitude of mind of the writer towards the human creatures whose fortunes he follows. Of course outward style and mental attitude should always accord, but they rarely do; for though careful writing is common enough just now, carefully thought-out writing is exceedingly rare, and Mr. Moore's exact combination of the two things has the inevitable and unusual result that his work is artistic.

It is impossible to say what so impersonal a writer's general intentions may be; but they strike an interested and partially sympathetic reader as being, here and elsewhere, the portrayal of persons not far removed from the ordinary, the examination of their characters in a thorough and dispassionate way, the examiner being neither for them nor against them. One has the conviction the characters were thought of first, then the circumstances and the incidents that should show to others besides their creator their essential characteristics, and then a suitable atmosphere to prevent their showing these with undue emphasis. No sensation is permissible in his method; pathos and passion only in a restrained tone; and no humour at all. A calm, grey environment is carefully preserved to match the average tone of daily life. All this might end in affectation, in some particular phase of æsthetic humbug: it is saved here by the intention at the centre, an honest and sympathetic intention of truthfully presenting such human nature as one is likely enough to meet with in average circles to-day. It is all slow, painstaking, conscientious; if there was not some real thing to be presented, the method would be intolerably wearisome. Indeed, for all the reality behind, it is depressing; it sucks the vitality out of you, just as does the life he presents.

The main character, Hubert Price, is a literary man of talent and ambition, just missing genius. He has virtue, industry, culture, and high aims. He is too good for a merely popular success; he is not quite good enough for the best success of all. Poverty grinds and hinders him; then his chance seems to come, for a large fortune unexpectedly falls to him. But the fatal lack of some necessary element in his character and in his talent, combines with the caprices of a passionate and hysterical girl, whom he has generously and disinterestedly befriended, to make his life still a failure. He asserts himself to the extent of not allowing the unreasonable creature to have her way, and marries the woman who is sympathetic and near his own mental level. But the figure of a suicide comes between them; he thinks, after all, the passion in the dead girl, whom he had never loved or encouraged, might have been a stimulus to his languid nature; and he knows he will die of having failed in what he set himself to do.

It is not a novel of theories, but of character. It describes admirably at least three human beings, Price, Emily Watson, the uncontrolled egotist, and Julia, the reasonable woman of sympathetic intellect. At the end you know these three perfectly. And yet I cannot say that the catastrophe strikes one as inevitable. The story should not permit one to think of so many different ways in which Price might have prevented or lessened Emily's infatuation. Though I have said it is not a novel of theories, there is one chapter where theories are discussed which is of first-rate excellence. Mr. Moore the critic is collaborating here with Mr. Moore the student of human nature. I mean the chapter where Hubert's literary friends, who are being entertained by him at Hurlingham, dissect him when his back is turned, their conclusion being, "He would make a capital editor, or a tutor, or a dop, an Oxford don. He would be perfectly happy as a don; he could read up the German critics and expound Sophocles. . . . As it is, he is perfectly miserable." As was said earlier of his halting genius; he was "*dans le mouvement*, and original work never is *dans le mouvement*." But let it not be thought that 'Vain Fortune' is merely a novel of literary life; its tragedy could be matched in any profession. It is to a wide human nature it appeals.

A. M.

* 'Vain Fortune.' By George Moore. Illustrated by M. Greiffenhagen. New Edition completely revised. 3s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

RENAN.*

A peculiar difficulty attaches to the writing of such a monograph at the present moment. Renan was *savant* as well as "great writer." Much of his research, many of his theories, are still under review, and are far from having received the final corroboration or contradiction of experts. His investigation stretched out in so many different directions that many experts and many years will be needed to test his contribution to exact knowledge. It is conceivable that a generation may arise that will refuse to accept the most vital of his contentions, and yet do honour to him as a type of one great tendency of thought in the middle of the nineteenth century, as an interesting and attractive personality, and as master of a beautiful and poetic prose. Yet no prudent doubts about his exact value to science can altogether keep back the writer of a popular account of Renan to-day from the consideration of the matter of his work; he cannot altogether give this over to the specialist. For Renan not only dealt largely with subjects of familiar human interest, but nearly every subject, however abstruse, he approached from a human point of view, extracting from it, where it was possible, some suggestive thought or inspiration for others than scholars. Renan and his work then, more than most savants of the day and their work, may be called popularly interesting; and to take account of him merely as an impressive personality and a master of French prose would be judged unsatisfactory.

Mr. Espinasse has adopted the most sensible plan under the circumstances, virtually that of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's book on the same subject, but much more thoroughly carried out. So far as the matter of Renan's work is concerned he has been content to give a careful summary of each of the greater books, and a clear statement of Renan's position and contentions. Reference is made, it is true, to some of the

* 'Life of Ernest Renan.' By Francis Espinasse. "Great Writers." (W. Scott.)

chief criticisms which assailed him; but Mr. Espinasse attempts no independent judgment of his own in respect of this part of his subject. His treatment is a little confusing with regard to the relative values of the books, but on the whole he exercises a wise restraint; and the difficulty of the circumstances must be kept in mind by those who miss the finely-rounded appreciation it would be possible to give to the *savant* and great writer of a hundred years ago. These summaries and statements take up, it will be understood, a considerable portion of the book, and very likely the space is not at all wasted. The reader who wants to know a little of everything without too much trouble to himself, will doubtless value what Mr. Espinasse has done for him; while some more serious persons in the first stage of their study of Renan may also be well served thereby.

The remainder of the book is concerned with biography, and on this section the writer is to be sincerely congratulated. From the well-known 'Souvenirs' and from less known letters and memoirs, he has extracted the pith of the matter, making Renan tell his own story as far as possible, and, where necessary, interpreting him with fine sympathy. It is a usual convention of literary biographies to say, The life of a man of letters is, of course, very uneventful. The convention is all wrong. The life of the most sedentary men of letters is very eventful; only few have the gift of telling the story well. Renan had the gift, and the biography begun by himself, and continued here in the right spirit, is a revelation of a peculiarly quick and lively nature concerned with a great many of the absorbing interests of modern life. That a complete reflection is given cannot be maintained. Renan had a great many adventures of the soul he never wrote in his 'Souvenirs,' and that can only be guessed from his writings, from his confidential conversations, and the surmises of sympathetic friends. But to put into hard words all the fine shades of a peculiarly complicated nature, all the possibilities an intimate student may guess, would be unwise; for readers are, as a rule, terribly literal, and make most unjustifiably sweeping inferences. Of the main facts of his biography, the attractiveness of his character, and his general attitude to the material and spiritual interests of life, this is a faithful record and an eminently readable one. Mr. Espinasse is an authority on Voltaire, and, indeed, has written the Voltaire volume in the same series. His comparison between the attitude of the two minds was therefore one he might be expected to make: the juxtaposition of the two contrasts conveniently the two types of the sceptic now and always, the one using his intimate knowledge to ridicule, the other to do more than justice to, the discarded faith that once served them and the world. Renan shifted his position by slow degrees, and wished always to throw as little overboard as possible. By these facts alone he has particularly attracted English readers. His type of mind is a familiar one amongst us, and we have the history of many modern souls and movements illuminated in this sympathetic biography.

NOVEL NOTES

INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Montrésor has achieved a great popular success without consulting what is generally supposed to be the popular taste of the day. Perhaps unconsciously she has divined more correctly than most what the popular taste really is beneath the morbidities and frivolities that froth on its surface. In any case her success is deserved, for she has done some rather unusual things, has written a religious book, for instance, that will interest and attract non-religious persons, and has made us believe that an event with almost certainly unhappy consequences—the marriage of a woman to a man of markedly inferior rank and culture—turned out happily in the end. There is no good trying to approve altogether of the construction, and perhaps the fact which, having already been published, may be mentioned here, that the story was curtailed from an earlier and lengthier version, may account for some defects. Even the description of special incidents—though the scenes in the jail are vigorous and vivid—does not show the writer's special talents. Her first novel gives promise of a quite unusual understanding of varied human types. She has her characters so clearly in her mind that, whether their actions are perfectly or only doubtfully convincing, we know them with intimacy. We except Mrs. Russelthorpe, who, with her abnormally jealous love for her brother, puzzles us; and the heroine's personality is not always clear. But Barnabas Thorpe, the man of faith, of little logic, and of invariable rectitude, a quixotic hero, hiding his quixotries heroically; the clever, sharp-tongued, penetrating Tom, with the kind heart shining through his cynicism, and his boundless admiration for his idealist brother; Deane, the selfish, guileless, careless, cultivated enthusiast, are all admirable. Miss Montrésor has, in our opinion, shown her best power in George Sauls. It is quite improbable that for all his hardness he would have ever let the woman he loved so passionately plead so long and desperately for her husband's and his rival's life. But he is a very real man all the same, this Jew with the passion for success, the keen mind, the dominating will, his delight in fighting the world with its roughest weapons, in driving hard bargains, and who yet kept two sanctuaries in his mind inviolate. It is perfectly certain that the creator of George Sauls knows human nature well enough to be a creator of many more living men and women, and we wait confidently for their acquaintance. Miss Montrésor has written a novel of character, but her warmest desire was perhaps to make us glow with gratitude to those who are willing to risk all and contend to the uttermost for their ideal. And she has not failed.

IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. By George Gissing. 3 vols. (Lawrence and Butler.)

EVE'S RANSOM. By George Gissing. (Lawrence and Butler.)

Mr. Gissing is one of the most difficult of all novelists to review fairly. When a mood is on him he is relentless in its expression; he gives us no relief from it. A less able writer would bore us; Mr. Gissing never does. At his worst he rasps us, and makes us flee to fairy-land from his terrible array of hard facts. In his determination to suppress nothing of the ugliness of the life he paints, lower middle-class life by preference, he often forgets to take account of the sunlight, which is as much a reality as fog, if something rarer. He feels too strongly to be simply accurate, and all through his sincere and honest and merciless and powerful stories, we are making mental reservations and combating, but combating mostly, let us admit, the unessentials. He forces us to acknowledge that the truth is generally with him.

This is a somewhat belated review of 'In the Year of Jubilee,' which most of his readers will already have judged for themselves. To those who have not, it may be said that the title is significant of nothing in particular, or of some truism such as, In the Year of Her Gracious Majesty's Jubilee all was not well with England, and with Camberwell, in particular. It is a book which every writer and reader must respect, marked by good, thorough work, a very rare knowledge of human nature, the absence of all tawdriness, all flabbiness in thinking and sentiment. At the same time an event, a very significant event in the history of the heroine, one of the most attractive of Mr. Gissing's women, is entirely incredible. It is no good putting us off with generalities about the unaccountableness of human nature. Mr. Gissing's business was to convince us that it happened to this particular girl; for all he says, we reply that it didn't. Otherwise the story is true, cruelly true to a dreary life. The hero is admirable. If he were ever to become a good man at all, it must have been in just such a way, turning into one of the most insufferable domestic tyrants we have ever met with in fiction or life, whose latter end of respectability is, save perhaps to his own immediate belongings, worse than the reckless cruelty of his earlier days. Artistically he is a great success: we hope Mr. Gissing did not desire to engage our sympathies for him. Into the story has been worked a wealth of sensible thought and well-made characters, more than we have room to refer to now. But the object of a great deal of Mr. Gissing's bitter satire is worth calling attention to—the modern education

which, unintelligently applied, contributes as little to the culture and growth of the mind and heart and soul as if it were conducted in Chinese.

'Eve's Ransom' is shorter, with much fewer personages, and perhaps less careful workmanship. But, unless we are bought, and our judgment dazzled, by the unusual ray of brightness at the end, which made our hearts glad as Mr. Gissing's words seldom do, it is on the whole, a better, a more harmonious story. Mr. Gissing hates poverty with a burning hatred; that it makes for virtue he thinks an unholy lie, as of course, it is. All our modern philanthropy declares the lie, but we cant still in words. So he gives his hero the chance of a few years' cessation from grinding labour, the chance of seeing life, of feeding his mind and his eye; and you can feel his glow of exaltation in his hero's freedom. But he does not let him have his swing. He makes him fall in love, forces on him a big sacrifice, and gives him nothing in return but the knowledge that he has saved the girl he loves from misery and perhaps from degradation. There he leaves him, but with a song in his heart. And the echo of that song we hope to hear in later novels, for after all it is sung in the actual hard world that Mr. Gissing faces so fearlessly.

Eve, the complicated young woman for whom the sacrifice was made, is worth our interest. Mr. Gissing is one of the very few novelists, besides Mr. Hardy, who dares to endow his attractive heroines with real live faults, not only magnificent and interesting vices. But Mr. Gissing is apt to take up a scolding and sometimes a priggish attitude towards his women, which is for all purposes absolutely useless. This observation is, however, not particularly suggested by Eve, or by 'Eve's Ransom.' The story is a page of real life; not the life that charms us, but life, at least; and we are more understanding towards our fellow-beings after reading it.

SUNSHINE AND HAAR: Some Further Glimpses of life at Barncraig. By Gabriel Setoun. (Murray.)

Mr. Setoun has selected a Fifeshire mining village, Barncraig, as the centre of his observations. In his second book he further illustrates the character and customs of the inhabitants by stories of varied tones. Those written in a gentle sentimental vein are best as stories, "Ekky's Road," for instance, and some portions of the longer tale, "Lowrie and Linty"; though the ways peculiar to Barncraig may be most vigorously presented in "The Return of Big Wull" and "The Creeling of Big Tam." The latter and a few like them give detailed descriptions of old customs now dead or dying; and in relics and survivals Gabriel Setoun is evidently interested. But we doubt if it is as the chronicler of such he will find his work, or even as the painter of distinctive Scottish types. The talents and sympathies here displayed point rather to his success in the novel of present day romance and sentiment, Scotland being the scene, of course. We imagine that he belongs by rights more to the school of Dr. Macdonald than of Mr. Barrie. Be that as it may, here and in "Barncraig" he has essayed to be the historian of a limited locality in a series of tales nearly all of which claim our sympathetic interest. But it is a pity he included the prefatory paper, "Red-letter Days." It is nearly worthless as local lore; and as a piece of writing, well, Gabriel Setoun can do much better, and so must every writer who is to take a creditable place.

OLYMPIA'S JOURNAL. By W. S. Holnut. (Bell.)

This original book has puzzled us by one or two obvious defects which even a much less clever writer might have been expected to avoid. Perhaps the journal form is a mistake. But in any case the preface is an egregious one. Men and women will blithely write themselves down fools in their journals, and, in some few cases, would be delighted to have the journals published, never guessing their foolishness. But once they have learnt their folly, the very last form which their penitence will take will be publication of their written imbecilities. Mr. or Miss Holnut should have let us guess that Olympia's journal was stolen or published unbeknown to her; to make her say, as the preface does, that the publication is a warning and a self-inflicted punishment is to sin against that knowledge of human nature which every writer of fiction above the lowest is expected to possess. Even the grossest vanity would not account for the act If 'Olympia's Journal' were a great book, it might with impunity commit far worse sins; but merely clever books have to adhere strictly to the laws of probability. Briefly told, the story is this: Olympia is a young beauty and heiress, of literary aspirations, who marries a man to study him for professional purposes, because he is unusual. The marriage proves a failure, for the unusual man is barely half-civilised, and Olympia is nothing if not elegant. But he turns out to be the better fellow in the end, and when he dies, she is left with bitter remorse in her heart for her cold-blooded treatment of him. The book is meant to be a satire, and as such it is not very successful. It requires the highest skill to satirise the writer of a journal or autobiography in his own words, unless caricature be used. Mr. Holnut renounces broad caricature, and the result is a very uncertain effect, which will certainly leave a careless reader with the impression that Olympia is a very fine young person indeed. He does not write for such, he may say. But all the writing world writes for such; and his satire is neither broad nor subtle, though now and again his story is exceedingly amusing. By far the best portion is Olympia's description of the couple of serious-minded, self-conscious women novelists, looking on all the world as so much "copy" for themselves, and of her own efforts after literary training. Cooper Holt's conscientious letter *re* a course of reading, and Olympia's entry of February 26th, are things to chuckle over, if you have any acquaintance with modern young women seeking culture. Here and there, however, in this good part, come spots which we feel to be the work of the serious-minded Mr. Holnut, not the vain, self-conscious Olympia, nor her laughing satirist. Yet when all is said, if the book had not interested us, we had been more lenient to its faults.

A PLIABLE MARRIAGE. By Percival Pickering. (Osgood.)

A novel that mentions the New Woman deserves to remain uncut. But there are various ways of mentioning It or Her. You may put Her on a pedestal and speak fine language to Her, which is wearisome; or you may satirise Her, which is generally unfair, and, experience has taught us, only rarely witty. Or you may do as Mr. Pickering does, treat Her jokingly, but as you would the light side of a serious and uncomprehended subject. As soon as we had discovered that was Mr. Pickering's way, we cut the rest of his leaves willingly; for on the whole we have found his the least boring attitude, whether the most intelligent or not. He writes in a lively fashion, and introduces us to amusing people; there are a great many unfulfilled talents cropping up every now and again in the book, and there seems no reason why they should remain long unfulfilled. But we don't like his sentiment and advise him to keep it in check; and as for the story it is extremely amateurish. The behaviour of the great souled Allen, of Dora, his New Woman wife, and Clare his old love and villain *manqué* through her own lingering kindly instincts, is preposterous. The misunderstanding from which they all suffer could not have lasted a week with persons of ordinary intelligence; it would not have needed the time-worn accident to the ill-used husband to bring his foolish wife to his bedside. Mr. Pickering must do better with his plots. He may be trusted to make his actors worth reading about.

THE GREY MONK. By T. W. Speight. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

A romance of a good old-fashioned kind, and one's heart warms to it. Baronet of ancient family—spendthrift son (an excellent fellow at heart, of course)—spendthrift son disinherited, marries an Italian, and goes to America under an assumed name. That makes a very full first act. The Italian is an uncongenial spouse, and they separate. Before she proposes to return to her native land, she writes to tell him of his child's death, very suspiciously, we think, enclosing the burial certificate—but the disinherited aristocrat was very simple-minded. Then the newspapers report him as blown up in an explosion. Many years pass; the hard-hearted baronet is old and lonely. The widow of his cast-off heir comes to England, and conspires, not very willingly, with a wicked uncle, to make the old baronet believe her nephew to be his grandson. The feeble young Anglo-Italian plays his part wretchedly, and he is

unmasked by some unknown person in the guise of the family spectre—the Grey Monk—who comes to the help of the family in difficult circumstances. Of course, he is no other than—but why reveal this dark secret? And as will have been suspected, in spite of the burial certificate, the baronet is not grandchildless; indeed his grandchild, a most amiable young lady—for in the good old-fashioned novel heredity counts for nothing—happens to be a visitor in his house just at the critical moment. Disinheritance and the disadvantages of disentailment are not irrevocable, and the end of the story is balmy peace. We like this kind of fiction for a change.

VILLAGE TALES AND JUNGLE TRAGEDIES. By B. M. Croker. (Chatto.)

The title may attract or repel according as it calls up recollections of Mr. Kipling or of others. Indeed, Mrs. Croker has on at least one former occasion proved that Indian life may make a dull story. But in "Mr. Jervis" it was the Anglo-Indian element that was to blame, and there is little of that in this volume of short tales. They are nearly all good. One or two are mere anecdotes, accounts of small adventures that would be interesting enough from the lips of a traveller, but are a little pointless by themselves. The rest, however, are fine stories, imaginative, picturesque, and with real human interest about them. "A Free-Will Offering," one of the tragedies, is a tale of a sublime sacrifice which Mrs. Croker does not spoil in the telling. The most generally attractive, however, will be the one that tells of the outcast children's seventy-mile journey on foot in search of their convict father—not one of the tragedies, luckily, but having a good old "happy ever after" ending.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER. By George W. Cable. (Sampson Low.)

'John March' is a novel of undoubted power, of lavish and often masterly workmanship, which engages our full sympathies a dozen times in its course, though it does not keep them unbroken all the way through. For this last fact we take our share of the blame. The fashion of the day in fiction permits the greatest psychological complexity, but is all against complexity of plot and incident, unless, as in detective stories, the complexity be of a very regular mechanical pattern. Mr. Cable's plot turning on land difficulties in the Southern States of America after the war, would doubtless be more easily followed by those to whom such difficulties have been matters of long familiarity. To us they are a distinct hindrance in the understanding of the story; we admit there is something of indolence in our objection; but we also protest that the author has done little to smooth our way. Besides this there is no other fault to be found, but it is an important matter. For we tried reading on without having done all the unravelling, and we had to turn back again; so closely are the difficulties woven in with the story. As a novel of character we know no American novel of late years to compare with it. John March the ardent young Southener, his mother the poetess, Fannie the vivacious young beauty, the double-natured Garnet, Barbara, Jeff-Jack, the clever black rascal Cornelius—this is not to name one half of the men and women that live and move and have their actual being in these pages. We do not need to give extravagant praise and call them great creations; but there is not a personage introduced that has not been framed out of the novelist's best knowledge of human nature. Those in want of easy reading may not finish 'John March'; but those who finish it will have read it with delight, and with an astonished gratitude to the man who can lavish so much thought and work on one single story.

THEY CALL IT LOVE. By Frank Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Moore's latest novel has its full share of his vivacity. There are only a few faults that should not be forgiven to a writer who has so brisk a wit, and if the unforgiveable be committed, the briskness should be acknowledged all the same. A great deal of 'They Call It Love" is decidedly amusing. Mr. Moore is fond of playing the satirist to modern society fads and foibles. Of the better meaning of some movements that he satirises he has perhaps little conception, but for their extravagances, their absurdities, he has a quick eye and a ready and very wholesome ridicule. May his power increase! But we breathe jointly with this a wish that his taste may improve. In 'One Fair Daughter' there was a coarse cynicism which amounted to wickedness; in 'They Call It Love' there is nothing of the kind. The main story in the book, at least the most interesting one, is the discovery by a girl who has spent her youth in hard and successful study—ending in her being bracketed as Third Wrangler—that mathematics are not life. She burns her note-books—the scene is delightful—and very systematically buys finery, and flirts, and does her best to realise the old-fashioned ideal of womankind. There is no reason in the world why this should not make a very pretty as well as amusing story. But unfortunately the *rôle* of revolting girl-graduate is given to an unmistakably vulgar young woman. The type is not uncommon, and is confined to no class; its characteristic vulgarity is of the kind familiarly recognised beyond genteel circles: consisting of the possession of a coarse-grained nature, and an abnormal desire for attracting observation, intelligent or otherwise: it has nothing necessarily to do with wickedness. No one will for a moment fail to distinguish between the conversation of Lily on p. 192 and mere hoydenish high spirits or the reaction from gentility of a nature essentially refined. This ugly streak runs all though Mr. Moore's amusing work; a pity, for he is a writer with a capacity to amuse greater than most. He speaks here in derision of the early Sixties, the era of "the masterly pun, and the joke on the mother-in-law." But we have a conviction that had Mr. Moore written in the early sixties he would have joked, very wittily too, on the mother-in-law.

PRINCE ZALESKI. By M. P. Shiel. Keynote Series. (John Lane.)

Prince Zaleski was a glorified Sherlock Holmes. "The victim of a too importunate, too unfortunate love, which the fulgor of the throne could not abash," took to meditation on the past and future of mankind, and when someone brought him the chatter of the daily newspapers, which he scorned to read, he would deign to light up the mysteries of the present with his magnificent mind. If only he could have been wiled from his gloomy palace to watch the sordid wickedness of the world, not one crime would have gone undetected. But he was probably not much interested in the detection of crime; only in the philosophy of the motives, and in the illustration crime affords of the strange workings of the human soul. We can imagine him saying, with a yawn, to an ordinary baffled Scotland Yard officer, "Oh, there is nothing in that. Show me something more difficult." Indeed, Mr. Sheil had to invent impossibly difficult puzzles for him, otherwise he would not have dared to approach so magnificent a creature at all. "He lay back on his couch, volumed in a Turkish *beneesh*, and listened to me, a little wearily perhaps at first, with woven fingers, and the pale inverted eyes of old anchorites and astrologers, the moony greenish light falling on his always wan features." His *mise en scène* is magnificent; an open sarcophagus with the mummy of an ancient Memphian, palaeolithic implements, gnostic gems, fretted gold lamps, fumes of *cannabis sativa* make part of it. Plainly, only crimes of a poetic order could be brought for detection here. And yet a terrible thing happened. Europe had been convulsed with an epidemic of suicide and murder. The murderers had left, as their mark, a scroll with hieroglyphics on it. These puzzle pictures would have driven anyone else mad. Even Zaleski's great mind was severely taxed. But surely his soul must have revolted when part of the interpretation resolved itself into a pun—a hideous pun, by which a male and a female figure are made to form the word Lacedaemon. We refuse to humiliate our readers by saying how. The murderers were a high-minded band, whose motives he approved. Yet he did not join them, or endow them with any part of his vast wealth. He said they were "ill-advised," but we have a shrewd guess it was their vile pun that rankled in his solemn soul. Mr. Shiel's mysteries are very good, if a trifle laboured, and he has put them into literary form. But as he has not quite got us under the mystic spell, we are not able to maintain a constant gravity before his gorgeous prince.

MISERRIMA. By G. W. T. Omond. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

A common tragedy, sordid, hopeless, and bitter. It is

no tale of injured innocence being dragged down to iniquity; indeed, the will to descend was just strong enough to make the title not rigidly true, for the foiled struggle of virtue was not there to complete the wretchedness. Mr. Omond has told the story in a dry, unsentimental fashion, and has not dwelt unduly on the more sordid portions of it. His is the right treatment for such a theme.

A PASTORAL PLAYED OUT. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The pastoral was the romance of a noted dramatic author for a little village girl. The romance lasted all their lives—with interludes, in the case of the dramatic author. He conscientiously did not believe in marriage; so, in spite of the Gylda episode, he was free to say Yes when the wealthy and ethereal Russo-American, Sadie, asked him to marry her. He was in debt, and the arrangement was convenient. Sadie is finally got rid of; she goes to the East to merge herself in the Order of the Lotus, and the dramatic author comes back to Gylda, whom, of course, he has never ceased to adore. Meanwhile Gylda has not had a dull life. Starvation, infanticide (from the most noble motives), the enfranchisement of women, the stage, and women's trades unions have filled up her time. She once wrote and recited before a vast audience 'A Ballad of Woman,' all made of fine claptrap and bad metre; but "her hearers were thrilled, and a magnet current of feeling ran through the colossal building"—which is proof enough of her extraordinary cleverness. The story is chaotic, the two chief characters are absurd, the heroine being not a human being at all, only an ill-defined aspiration dressed in badly-made clothes. But there are other and better-fashioned personages, and the book is very far from being all bad. There are many shrewd sayings in it, and below its froth there is some common-sense and much genuine good feeling.

TALES FROM THE WESTERN MOORS. By Geoffrey Mortimer. (Gibbings.)

The best in these stories is not the story but the references to and descriptions of old west-country customs and beliefs. Any book that contains such deserves a welcome, and if only for the last tale, "Pixy-Led," this one would be valued. The stories, most of which have appeared in the *Bristol Observer*, are the work of one who knows Devon and Cornish folks and ways and talk by heart, and who has more than average literary skill at his command for their presentment. Regarded as a fiction they are pleasant and pathetic, and altogether readable.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

IN A GARDEN, and other Poems. By H. C. Beeching. (John Lane.)

Most of the poems here, and the best of them, have already been printed in 'Love in Idleness' (K. Paul, 1883), and 'Love's Looking Glass' (Percival, 1891), in which volumes Mr. Beeching collaborated with Mr. J. W. Mackail and Mr. J. B. B. Nichols. The title-poem appears mostly for the first time. We confess we have read the present collection with rather less pleasure than the former ones to which Mr. Beeching contributed. The qualities of the three accomplished verse-writers were supplementary, and the blend made not only an agreeable but an interesting whole. Whether the isolation of either of the other two would have unfortunate results is not the point to consider here; but it must be confessed that Mr. Beeching's verse does not bear the isolation so well as one would have thought. Whether his theme be religion, or love, or country things, he is too often a little dull, because a good deal vague. At least, a clear note is not his; and for that we would give much that was merely literary and inoffensive. There is one well-known poem of Mr. Beeching's, "Prayers"—it has been put into an anthology—which does sound a clear note. It begins—

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him;
Take the thanks of a boy."

In the midst of the other poems of rather misty vision, this one, whether we think it poetically good or not, wakes us up. Nearly all his verses have some beauty and sound thought in them. Mr. Beeching weaves his songs out of good stuff; indeed, he is far more concerned with the stuff than the pattern. Detached bits of "In a Garden," lines from "Hope" and "Love Walked upon the Sea," are exquisite, and they almost give us the thrill that only true poetry can. But even the most perfect have a curious lack of the power of arresting attention. The loveliest, "Night Watches," has this defect paralysing half of it, though it begins with a stanza of singular beauty—

"Come, O come to me, voice or look, or spirit or dream, but
O come now;
All these faces that crowd so thick are pale and cold and dead—
Come thou,
Scatter them back to the ivory gate and be alone and rule the night.

Surely all worlds are nothing to Love, for Love to flash through the night and come."

Mr. Beeching's muse does not often sing. It hums, but the humming will suggest some fair melodies to the well-attuned ear.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF DE QUINCEY. With Introduction by Sir. George Douglas, Bart. Scott Library. 1s. 6d. (Scott.)

The selecter's purpose has been to show different aspects of De Quincey's talent rather than to bind his selection together by a similarity of subject or treatment. The essays given are, "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," the "Revolt of the Tartars," the "English Mail-Coach," "The Vision of Sudden Death," and "Casuistry"—an interesting five, that leave a real De Quincey taste behind them. The editor's short introduction contains some discriminating remarks on the virtues and defects of the author's style, by no means superfluous in a popular edition such as this.

IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA. By Marie Fraser. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Miss Fraser's book is a supplement to that part of Stevenson's "Footnote to History" which treats of the characteristics of the islanders and their way of living. The familiar everyday life of both natives and Europeans is pleasantly described, and not as by a mere flying tourist, for Miss Fraser had unusual opportunities for obtaining information, as well as a distinct talent for observation. Very likely her happy experiences may suggest to many a cruise among the Pacific islands. But it will be read chiefly because of its glimpses of Stevenson. These are slight and trivial; Miss Fraser does not object to chronicling small beer; but they never offend against good taste. Then the most trivial things about Stevenson have their interest, and each and all reveal something of his hospitable and humorous and kindly nature.

BRITAIN AND HER RIVALS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: 1713-1789. By A. D. Innes. (Innes.)

Mr. Innes has compiled a very useful work. He has had a clear idea in his mind what he wanted to do, and the thing needed to be done. His is not a school-book, and it is not a book for students, but rather one for studious citizens who are proud of the empire they belong to, and are curious as to how it has been built up; for that is his main theme. There are plenty of serious historians already to tell them all about it, but in few other books will they find a more business-like account of the eighteenth century rivalry between France and England, the rise of British India, and the loss of the American Colonies. Mr. Innes has wisely left philosophy out; when he expresses opinions he adheres mostly to those of the average educated Englishman—which is the most convenient attitude, at least for a book of this kind. We imagine students preparing for examinations will find 'Britain and her Rivals' particularly useful, and the serious-minded citizen will keep it on the shelf with his standard dictionary and his atlas. There are excellent historical maps in Mr. Innes's book.

THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. Revised and augmented by Charles Annandale. (Blackie and Son.)

Dr. Ogilvie's imperial dictionary of the English language was, if we are not mistaken, the first to introduce the encyclopædic element and pictorial illustration into ordinary lexicography, setting an example which has been extensively followed both here and in the United States. These and other merits were somewhat marred by a tendency to fanciful etymology, which provoked the censure of the *Quarterly Review* in an article on "English Dictionaries." The blemish has been completely removed under the editorship of Dr. Annandale, and the etymologies in the 'Student's Dictionary' are not only based on the best modern authorities, but in their copiousness and accuracy are a distinctive feature of the new edition. It is indeed almost a new work, so much having been re-written and so many additions having been made, especially of scientific and technical terms of recent origin. Among the useful appendices is the "Key to noted names in fiction, mythology," etc., from the faithful Abdiel of 'Paradise Lost' to the Zuleika of Byron's 'Bride of Abydos,' and from the Sir Anthony Absolute of Sheridan's play to the Hellenic Zeus. Another also acceptable appendix is a list of English and American authors with the dates of their births and deaths. The wood-cut illustrations have been doubled in number, and the price of the volume, the size of which makes it very convenient for reference, brings it within the reach of readers of moderate means. Altogether Dr. Annandale is justified in saying in his brief preface that the 'Student's Dictionary,' in the improved and enlarged form in which it now appears, may claim to be second to no work of reference of similar scope.

BOOKS FATAL TO THEIR AUTHORS. By P. H. Ditchfield. The Book Lover's Library. (Stock.)

The title must not be taken too literally, for it is stretched to include a great many books that brought their authors less annoyance than the stake or the halter. The subject, thus expanded, is a fascinating one, but only a little section of it should be attempted, except in a huge tome, and after the labour of a lifetime. Even Mr. Ditchfield's modesty can hardly save him from the accusation of superficiality. He makes no pretence at completeness, and so, perhaps, we have a right to wonder, but not to criticise, that while (blundering) mention is made of Keats, none is made of Shelley on a far clearer count, and that space is given to the obscure Petit while Flaubert's prosecution is not mentioned—modern names being, nevertheless, included, *e.g.*, the publisher Vizetelly. But if we are not at liberty to find fault with the design and material, we can say something of the workmanship of his slim building, which is poor and cheap. What kind of account of Diderot is that given on p. 87? A lengthy biography was not wanted, but an intelligent reference was indispensable. One of the most potent, the most living, minds of the eighteenth century is almost indistinguishable under such titles as the "industrious philosopher," the "prolific writer." And such exasperating references occur again and again, offending much more than the writer's outbreaks into flowery style, where he speaks of poets as "The haunters of Parnassus and the wearers of the laurel crown." Mr. Ditchfield's book has the value of a collection of ill-assorted anecdotes, and all books of anecdotes are readable. Perhaps it will suggest a worthier successor to itself. But mention must be made of his dream, a very benevolent one, for he is plainly a very good friend to scribblers, and has even kind words to say of us critics. It is "to help the maimed and wounded warriors in the service of literature" by the foundation of "a large literary college" for their shelter. It is to have a fine library, and to be generally very comfortable. He suggests the enterprise to the authorities of the Royal Literary Fund. We bid them pause. Did anyone ever know a man of letters, however maimed and wounded, who could tolerate to be sheltered along with his kind? It would be deserted, or it would become a lunatic asylum. Outdoor relief is the only practical kind for these inconvenient and difficult paupers.

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE. By Owen Seaman. 3s. 6d. net. (Innes.)

Mr. Seaman is a very clever verse writer in both his serious and his frivolous moods. 'With Double Pipe' proved it. Here he sings of academic themes in a merely playful strain; and though Cambridge folks may find a keener pleasure in the allusions, they will not have all the fun to themselves. The fitting reader should not have an unkindly eye to sport and the other extra-academic human interests that Cambridge ministers to. We should like to quote largely from parodies of such genuine humour and written in such excellent verse; but each invites, and each stays one's hand, because to quote is to spoil. Yet 'Of a Reformed Sportsman' (*Lydia, dic, per omnes*) is so delightful (rivalling even 'The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad,' a reminiscence of an Extension Summer meeting) that perhaps a few lines from it will draw readers to Mr. Seaman more effectually than any words of ours. It is a remonstrance to a tutor, and a lament for the athletic Juggins, withdrawn from his fitting labours to be suffocated with cram—

"Why wheeleth he no more as once he wheeled
At Polo with his Peers?
Nor standeth now upon Newmarket Heath,
His lonely last gold bit between his teeth,
Ready to lay it on some galled jade,
As frequently he laid
Against the field
In other years?"

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY. Being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett. (Dent.)

This is not an easy book to describe or judge. The writer has become "Italianate." The sun has poured into him, warmed him, and intoxicated him. Sometimes it muddles his head, and sometimes it makes him emit the wisdom of intoxication. The tourist will find his book of no use at all; but the sojourner in Tuscany and all lovers of Italy will be reminded by his sketches, dreams, dramas, and maunderings, of some subtle delights they have experienced. He has striven to probe beneath the surface of the joy that Italy provides for her chosen, in landscape, in language, in myth and custom, and in art. He often talks rubbish, and now and again surprises you by some genuine poetical shrewdness. This book is prettily bound and printed.

STARLIGHT SONGS. By Evelyn Threlfall. (Kegan Paul.)

A volume of very unequal merit this. Verses of hardly any worth at all crowd about two or three of great delicacy, subtle refinement, and evident inspiration. But in both good and bad Mrs. Threlfall shows an uncommon power over metre. She has learnt the externals of her craft, learnt them by imitation, but learnt them; as witness,

"O Wisdom, high throned in far silence, though stars be the steps of thy throne,
Fair crowns thou mayest weave him a while hence; to-day I have crowned him my own."

But in "A Song of a Garden" there is more than clever imitation of a metre. Personal experience gives personal expression. And in two poems to children Mrs. Threlfall strikes a note of very rare tenderness and refinement.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES OF THE NORFOLK BROADLAND. By P. H. Emerson. Illustrated. (Nutt.)

This record of personal local observation is really valuable, and its value is not confined to East Anglia. The bird section, the longest, is a contribution which natural history does not get every day, for Dr. Emerson, while eschewing, for the most part, generalities and fine writing, speaks from a wide knowledge, the artistic as well as the scientific side of the subject interests him, and he is concerned to make his notes readable. The illustrations are useful because done from photographs, and moderately artistic. But in his preface Dr. Emerson talks too loud. He gives valuable advice in it to naturalists forming a library, but it serves no very good purpose to make ill-natured remarks about either his betters or his inferiors, who for certain reasons, good or bad, and mostly quite disconnected with science, have won fame or popularity by writing of the out-door world. In his next edition let us hope he will omit the allusions to the "over-rated Gilbert White, poor Richard Jefferies," and "the superficial"—but we won't say whom.

SONGS OF THE SEA, AND LAYS OF THE LAND. By E. G. Leland. (Black.)

"These ballads make no great pretence to be poetry." His readers will assure Mr. Leland that they don't care. Short of Shakespeare and a few others, it is perhaps a little doubtful whether high spirits are not worth as much as the rest of the poetry of the world. At least high spirits are akin to genius when they can be transferred to paper, and yet retain their contagious and delightful influence. The 'Songs of the Sea' here are the best; sometimes in the 'Lays of the Land' fastidious people might say he had aptly echoed the tone of Hood, but had omitted the refinement. At least, the humour is heartier in the sea ditties. Some old favourites will be recognised; among them 'Time for us to Go,' quoted in "Admiral Guinea," which Mr. Leland says is not his, only retouched by him. Perhaps 'Uncle Sam' is another he heard on Boston wharves. It is a picturesque bit of sailor's folk-lore.

"When a cloud is low and flat,
Yo heave ho!
That is Uncle Samuel's hat,
Yo heave ho!
When the sun shines through a fog,
Uncle Samuel drinks his grog."

And so on. Perhaps for rhythm and vigour we like 'The Musquito' best of all.

"Said Paul unto Peter,
'I see a muskeeter,
The boat's coming over the bay.'
Said Peter to Paul,
'She is saucy, though small,
And the captain is sailing away.'
Said Paul unto Peter,
'Confound the old creetur'."

But let low-spirited folks finish the ballad from the book itself.

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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.—This is an anecdote, not a story. You have tried to make it a story by introducing the election business and the love affair, but they are both quite irrelevant. You would have done better to tell the anecdote impressively, treating it as a weird mystery, or an absurdity. It might issue a story from such treatment.

A. M. L.—I think it is a pity you should have tried the medium of verse. It was a right instinct to find a more popular way of stating your views than an essay or a pamphlet would provide. But why not a story in prose? I don't think it would be easy to get these verses inserted; first, because of the prejudice against your point of view; secondly, because of the general sentimentality, with respect to the subject, of those who do not share the prejudices; and thirdly, because the verses in themselves are not good. The thing wants saying, but perhaps your only plan would be to print your views in leaflet or pamphlet form for wide circulation. You are entitled to a fuller opinion, which I shall send—on this or another MS.—on receipt of your address.

BEWDLEY.—Good. I think they might have a chance of success in their English dress. Try a Nonconformist newspaper. And go on. There is an opening for this kind of thing just now. Describe the life you know from as many different points of view as possible. When you have no definite story to tell, be as brief as you can.

CARABINIER.—1 (Requiem). Pretty. On a first reading the construction seems doubtful. It is correct but not clear. 2. Good in some respects, but the adoption of the classic names and the reference, indeed, to the classic story, are confusing. 3. Fair. More commonplace. 4. Good, but another verse is clearly needed. 5. A rather clever parody. The object of your satire is generous enough to forgive it, but P. never would. You should have stuck to the ridiculous incident. Verse three is, of course, flagrantly incorrect. There is an apparent contradiction in lines three and eight. The patriotic song is as good as the majority of such.

C. C.—Written on a very old-fashioned and not a very good model. It is much too prim. And you put no shading into your characters. Try to draw real human beings, and make them talk as such. To make the perfect and beautiful beings you conceive of you would need to be a poet. You write carefully, but after a few months course of good reading try to be your own critic, both of matter and manner.

DIAL.—1. I don't understand the sense of "eerie," in verse three. This is the best of the poems. 2. Very fair. 3 and 4. Quite commonplace. 5 and 6. "Glee" is suggested by the rhyme not the truth. These are quite on a level with the average verses written for such occasions. But aren't they rather jingling? You are gaining in ease; but the matter of the verse is not very poetical. Still you may come to chronicle the events and feelings of the day in a very creditable fashion. Do not enclose communications meant for other departments of the BOOKMAN.

D. E. C. W.—"A's father came to live in the parish, the little parish of L." "How their love had grown! grown until," etc. These irritating repetitions of words occur constantly, and they are the only evidence I can see of any thought at all being given to style. As writing it is poor—loose, ungrammatical, and weak. The story, too, is wanting in robustness. Try something else than fiction till your mind is stronger and your experience wider.

E. E, M.—No, this won't do. It's neither real life nor fairyland. But in its fervour there is something not altogether without promise. Read it again, and if you can honestly laugh at a good deal of it your case is not hopeless. You have a large vocabulary, but you haven't begun to learn to write. Scan your feelings and your words coldly. Study something definite and difficult—mechanics, Euclid, or the present political situation; observe your neighbours; and read the simpler classics. Then in six months you will perhaps be incapable of talking of "bonny Scotia's ploughman poet," and of a great deal else in this romance.

These remarks refer to the 'Village Beauty.' Since writing them I have read a second story, which is much better, but its faults, though fewer, are of the same kind.

E. H.—Very intelligent and generous in its tone. The summaries of the stories are good. The general criticism is a little too general. Perhaps you need wider and more discriminating reading before you make much of that. The writing is very fair, but on p. 1 there are two grammatical mistakes; and a blunder near the top of p. 2. On the whole, the essays shows promise. If you persevere in recording the results of you reading you may end in being a useful critic; it takes time and clear thinking.

E.S.—You make an inordinate use of inverted commas, *e.g.*, "when 'busy' with his enormous 'plans'"; "for which performance, being very 'round,' he is well fitted"; "he cries, or more truly 'screams.'" These examples are from one single page. You call it a story for children. I should say it was one for parents. Parents, I believe, enjoy the chronicle of nursery small beer and infantile small talk. But children of any spirit or intelligence wouldn't tolerate this. I may be wrong; but I hope I am not. Next time try a real story, with incidents in it, and your knowledge of children's ways may come in useful for their amusement, and not merely for the rather maudlin, entertainment of their elders. I think you have quite enough talent to write successful children's tales.

EACHAN.—Distinctly promising. It is unaffectedly and vigorously written. It would not have very much chance of being accepted, as there is too little story for it to pass as a story, and descriptions of the mutiny are very familiar. You might, however, offer it to a boy's paper. You will doubtless write a good adventure story sometime, if you have the inventive faculty. If not, there might be a field for you in picturesque history for young people.

ELMA.—Romantic, at least. The incident is a trifle too sensational or too sensationally treated to be poetical. If you curb your fine language as much as possible, and find good subjects, you might write very readable romantic stories in verse. I can hardly say more yet, as I think the sonnet with the more indefinite theme is not very good. You are too apt to use hackneyed phrases.

GORDON.—Imaginative, and showing possibilities for a not very near future. Avoid superlatives, and don't make your heroes and heroines quite the greatest genuises the world ever produced. Their conversation is so disappointing unless one can look on them as ordinary folk. Don't send this to a magazine. You are not ready yet for print.

CLARKE HOWARD.—1. "Feeling" and "meaning," "lie" and "convey" shouldn't pretend to rhyme. The metre is all wrong. 2. No rhyme or metre, and little reason. 3. The meaning of the original is distorted. Sorry to be so discouraging, but it would be wicked to urge you on.

J.—They are too lengthy for the amount of incident and character drawing in them. When you make literal transcripts from life you must choose the passages transcribed very carefully.

J. B. S.—Very illegible. Therefore don't expect a very lenient criticism. So far as I can make out it is a rather unpleasant story, but might make into a strong one if impressively told. I don't think the second-hand telling of the story is a good plan; but I admit I have not been able to read every word.

J. I. W.—Impressive. The one on the religious theme is rather wordy. Both a little heavy. I cannot say there is much chance for this kind of thing here. I'd advise you to try to acquire a colonial

reputation. When you have got a fair amount of prose or verse accepted by a colonial journal, you might offer it to an English publisher, if it satisfied you. You have enough talent to justify your perseverance.

J. T. S.—There is no literary promise at all in this. Of course you will want to write down your experiences. But I should advise your getting someone else to put them into shape, or using them merely as anecdotes to illustrate your appeals, discourses, and tracts. It is a pity to give them the ambitious and undescriptive name of "idylls." The incident is touching, and in a missionary appeal would have a strong effect.

LEADER OF MEN.—An intelligent criticism, but not very well written. Where you write at such length you must write well. From the point of view of success it would be best to practise writing short, pithy criticisms, a paragraph or two in length. That kind of thing would be more likely to bring you work, though longer essays are excellent practice while you are training your judgment.

M. G.—It is at least poetical, if not poetry. The rhythm is pleasing. The exact value in promise of verse of this kind is hard to gauge; the utterance of vague aspirations may be the forerunner of poetry; or it may be the sign that the sap is rising in a nature that will express itself quite otherwise than poetically. I think "Utopian schemes" spoils one of the lines. And "Yes, a mere song" in another sounds a little like claptrap. But I like your verses.

MAY.—This is written in a rhetorical more than a literary style. With your particular ambition in view and likewise the weaknesses of this paper, I should advise you to make, before writing, as definite a plan as if you were building a house. Write to this plan, choose your words fastidiously, and use few of them. A short summary of what you have to say on a subject, or, after writing the essay, of what you have said, would reveal to you the riches or poverty of your thought.

MYFAUWY MORGAN.—Not first-rate in the execution, but it is a very amusing idea. Work at it a little more. Make your satire of the school brisker, and revise some of the students' illustrations, which are not always quite entertaining enough. The appearance of the junior partner is not very well managed. He should not blurt out the fact about his brother. The discovery of the fraud should be a subtler affair.

NAN-WEN.—Not bad. If you wrote a series of similar sketches they would have far more chance of success than one by itself, with no story to speak of in it. Or, perhaps you could use Betty in a longer tale. The writing is very fair. Too many relative clauses beginning with "which."

H. RATCLIFFE.—The ghost story does not impress me at all. I don't see much likelihood of your success in this kind of writing. The style is beneath the average.

S. J. W.—Very good for a beginner. Don't think of publishing for a long time yet. Read Scott and Dumas, and learn how much hard work, observation, reading, research—quite apart from their imagination—went to the making of their romances. It is not very likely that a knight of the 12th century would quote the modern version of the New Testament.

SAWDUST.—In this kind of verse clear thought is indispensable. Else you will end in writing rubbish, and when it is clad in a fine language, you mayn't discover it. The laws of the form of poetry you mention are not definite. They are mainly obedience to a harmony which only a sensitive ear can appreciate. Read as much good poetry as you can aloud. But I don't think your thoughts are clear enough for you to attempt this kind of verse with any success. I guess the drift of your intention, but no more.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CAILLARD, E. M.—Progressive Revelation, 6/- .....Murray
Cambridge Bible, The. The Psalms, Books II. and III. Edited by A. F. Kirkpatrick, 3/6.....Cambridge Press
[*In criticism the editor practically occupies the position of Ewald.*]
CARR, W. G.—Nuggets of Truth from the Epistles, 2/6 .....Hodder
CHEYNE, T. K.—Introduction to the Book of Isaiah, 24/- .....Black
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FRASER, W. F.—A Cloud of Witnesses to Christian Life and Doctrine, 2nd Series, 2/6 .....W. Gardner
GORDON, A. J.—The Ministry of the Spirit. 4/-.....B. T. S.
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HUDSON, W. H.—An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, 5/- .....Chapman
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JONES, H.—A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Lotze, 6/- net Macmillan
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VERRALL, A. W.—Euripides the Rationalist, a Study in the History of Art and Religion, 7/6..... Cambridge Press
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FICTION.

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BJORNSON, B.—Arne. Translated by Walter Low, 3/- net Heinemann
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[*See p.* 54.]
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[*See p* 55.]
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[*See p.* 58.]
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2. Crockett: Bog-Myrtle and Peat.
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